

NO.
18

10¢

CAPTAIN AMERICA

SEPTEMBER

COMICS



CAPTAIN AMERICA

NEW! DIFFERENT! EXCITING!

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Number 18

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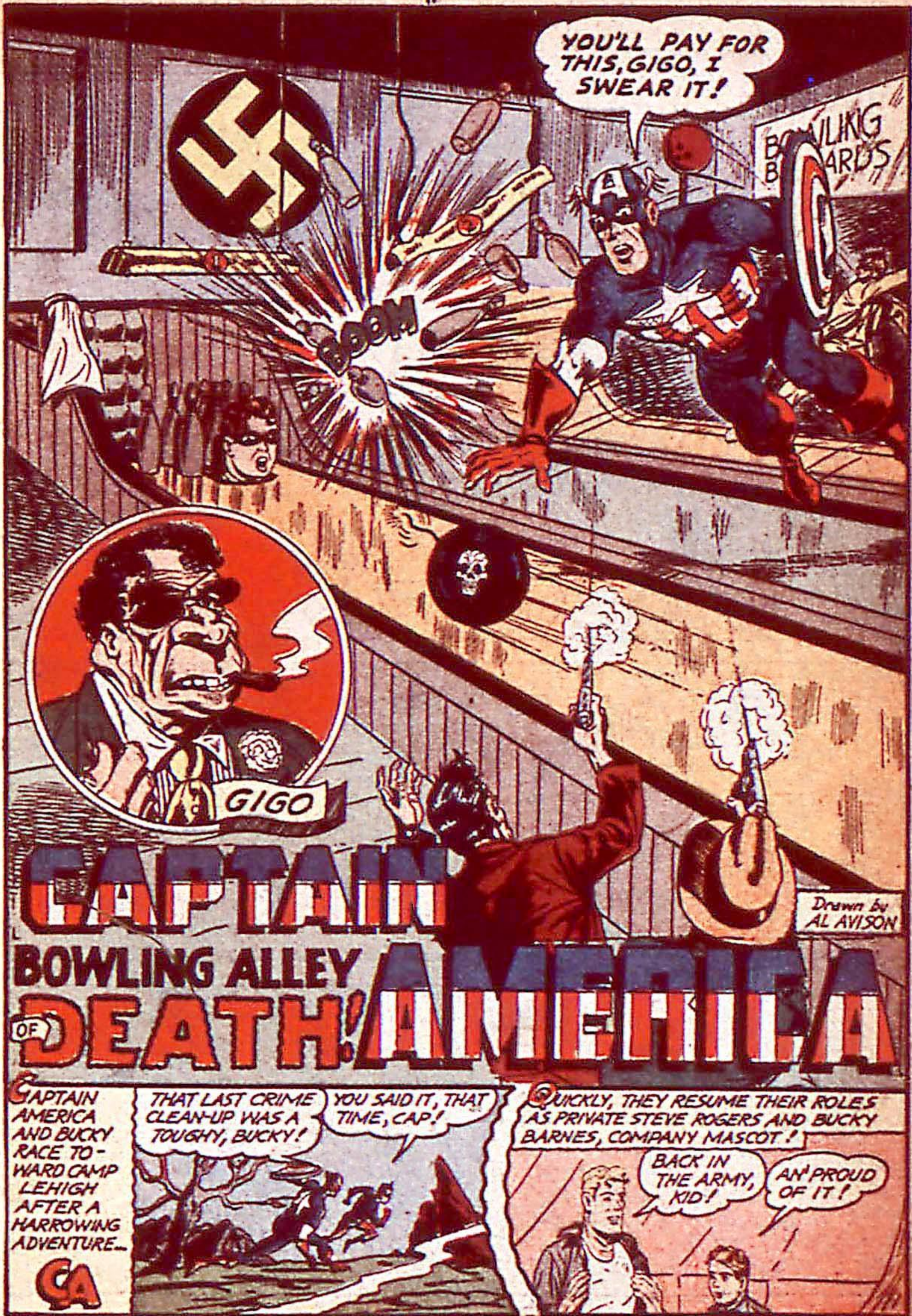


CAPTAIN AMERICA and the Bowling Alley of Death!	Page- 1
CAPTAIN AMERICA and the Tomb of Horror!	Page 17
CAPTAIN AMERICA and the Mikado's Super-Shell	Page 32
The FIGHTING FOOL	Page 50
The SECRET STAMP	Page 58

YOU'VE READ AND ENJOYED
KRAZY KOMICS
NOW DON'T MISS

TERRY TOONS





YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS, GIGO, I SWEAR IT!

BOWLING ALLEY



GIGO

CAPTAIN AMERICA

BOWLING ALLEY DEATH!

Drawn by AL AVISON

CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY RACE TOWARD CAMP LEHIGH AFTER A HARROWING ADVENTURE...

CA

THAT LAST CRIME CLEAN-UP WAS A TOUGHY, BUCKY!

YOU SAID IT, THAT TIME, CAP!

QUICKLY, THEY RESUME THEIR ROLES AS PRIVATE STEVE ROGERS AND BUCKY BARNES, COMPANY MASCOT!

BACK IN THE ARMY, KID!

AM PROUD OF IT!

WHAT'LL WE DO FOR EXCITEMENT
AFTER THE HOT
TIME WE JUST
HAD?

THERE'S THAT
NEW BOWLING ALLEY
IN TOWN...AT LEAST
WE CAN HAVE SOME
FUN!

NEXT DAY, ON MESS HALL DETAIL...

HEY, GET YOUR
THUMB OUT OF
THAT SOUP!

OOPS, S'CUSE
ME, SARGE!

LISTEN, ROGERS,
I DON'T KNOW WHY, BUT
I PUT YOU ON THE
COMPANY BOWL-
ING TEAM...
NOT THAT
YER ANY
GOOD,
THOUGH!

WHY, I'LL SPOT.
YA THIRTY POINTS
ANY DAY, SARGE!

OH YEAH?
WE'LL SEE!

THE COMPANY TEAM GOES INTO ACTION
THAT NIGHT...

GIGG'S RECREATION
PARLOR
BOWLING-POOL
BILLIARDS

NICE SHOT,
BOB!

YOU'RE NEXT,
STEVE!

AHHH, STRIKE!

GOOD,
STEVE!

MOMENTS LATER...

OWWW!
ROGERS
DID IT
AGAIN!

GENTLEMEN, WE OF
THE GUNNER EXPERTS
SECTION CHALLENGE YOU
FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF
CAMP LEHIGH!

GIGO, THE OWNER OF THE ALLEY, OVER HEARS THE CONVERSATION...

BUT YOUSE GUYS LEAVE FOR OVERSEAS TOMORROW!

WELL, WE CAN PLAY THEM RIGHT NOW IF YOU GET YOUR TEAM TOGETHER!

GIGO MOVES INTO ACTION...

HEY, BOYS, GET SET—THOSE GUYS ARE GOING TO A HOSPITAL, NOT OVER SEAS...

THE GAME IS IN PROGRESS...AN IMPORTANT GUN-ENGINEER HAS JUST THROWN...

WHAT'S WRONG, SOLDIER?

WOW! I THINK IT'S A SPRAINED THUMB...I COULDN'T LEGGO THE DANGED BALL!

ANOTHER EXPERT STEPS TO THE LINE AND...

NOW WHAT?

I THINK I PULLED MY SHOULDER OUT OF ITS SOCKET!

SUBSTITUTES FILL IN FOR THE INJURED MEN AND THE GAME GOES ON...

WHO'S THAT BIG GUY? HIS FORM'S GOOD!

HIM? DAT'S DE BEST MACHINE-GUN BREAKER-DOWN AND BUILDER-UPPER IN DIS MAN'S ARMY!

HEY! WHAT'S GOIN' ON?

A STRANGE ACCIDENT OCCURS...

WHAT?

CRACK!

GOOD LORD!
HE'S - HE'S DEAD!

GIGO'S B
POOL-BI

THAT WAS A MEAN BLOW,
BUCKY, BUT IT SHOULD
NEVER HAVE KILLED
HIM!

I CAN'T
UNDERSTAND
IT, STEVE!

**STEVE ROGERS, ALIAS CAPTAIN AMERICA'S
GREATEST CRIME-FIGHTER, MAKES A DISCOVERY...**

WOW! LOOK!
HERE'S A HOLE
IN HIS HEAD FROM
A .22 CALIBRE
BULLET... CALL
THE M.P.'S!

**FINDING NO CLUES, STEVE AND
BUCKY RETURN TO CAMP...**

THIS IS A JOB FOR
CAPTAIN
AMERICA AND
BUCKY ISN'T
IT, STEVE?

RIGHT, BUT
FIRST, I WANT
YOU TO GET YOUR-
SELF A JOB AS
PIN-BOY AT
GIGO'S PLACE!
THERE'S SOMETHING
STRANGE ABOUT HIS
BOWLING ALLEY...
AND WE'LL FIND OUT
WHAT IT IS!

THE NEXT EVENING BUCKY VISITS GIGO...

THANKS FOR
GIVING ME THE
JOB, MR. GIGO...
I SURE NEED
IT!

O.K. KID, BUT
DON'T TRY
AN' SEE TOO
MUCH - JUST
WORK!

AN' BE SURE TO
FIX IT SO WHEN
AN OFFICER
COMES IN HE
GETS ONE OF
THESE BALLS!

SOMETHING'S
FISHY! I'VE
GOT TO SEE
THOSE
BALLS!

BUCKY DOES A LITTLE INSPECTING....

**WHOOOE! LOOK AT THOSE
SPRING CLAMPS IN THE
THUMB-HOLES!**
NO WONDER
THOSE SOLDIERS
COULDN'T LET
GO OF THE
BALLS LAST
NIGHT!

I'M GLAD I CHANGED THOSE TRICK BALLS... NOW TO —
WHAT'S THIS?

HMMM—A FUNNY SHAPED PLUG... AND RIGHT ON THE KING PIN SPOT IN THE ALLEY WHERE THE MAN WAS KILLED LAST NIGHT... MAYBE I'VE GOT SOMETHING HERE!

OH, OH, AN OFFICER... HE MUSTN'T USE THIS ALLEY, ANYTHING MIGHT HAPPEN!

STEVIE!
SAY, HE CAN STOP THIS GUY!

BUCKY'S SIGNALLING... I HOPE I GET HIM RIGHT!

OFFICERS NIGHT

SORRY, MAJOR, THIS ALLEY IS RESERVED FOR ME!

WHA... WHAT DO YOU MEAN! THIS IS OFFICERS NIGHT! I'LL HAVE YOU TAKEN IN!

M.P.'S!
ARREST THIS MAN!

WHAT A FIX!

OUTSIDE, STEVE MAKES A BID FOR LIBERTY

SORRY, SOLDIER!

AS STEVE IS LED AWAY, THE SITUATION LOOKS DESPERATE, BUT....

STEVE ROGERS QUICKLY TAKES OFF HIS ARMY UNIFORM REVEALING HIS COSTUME OF CAPTAIN AMERICA!

NOW TO GET BACK TO THE ALLEY! I HOPE I'M NOT TOO LATE!

GOOD LORD! THE MAJOR'S THROWN THE BALL!

AS THE KING-PIN REPEATS ITS MACABRE PERFORMANCE, CAPTAIN AMERICA FLIES TO INTERCEPT IT...

CAPTAIN AMERICA, YAHOO!

GOTCHA!

OKAY BOYS, GET THAT GUY!

AT THAT MOMENT, GIGO AND HIS THUGS ACT!

THE BOWLING ALLEY IS TURNED INTO A BATTLE GROUND.....

HO, HO, WHAT A FIELD DAY WE'RE HAVING!

HEY!

UGH!

BANG
BANG
BANG

THERE GOES ANOTHER SOLDIER!

AND HERE GOES ANOTHER TRAITOR!



BUT NUMBERS FAVORS THE ATTACKERS AND CAPTAIN AMERICA GOES DOWN...

WE'VE GOT HIM!



GOOD! DOWN BELOW WITH HIM!



I'LL WAIT MY CHANCE AND THEN...

MEANWHILE THE WATCHING BUCKY IS NOT IDLE!



GIGO PRESSES A SECRET BUTTON...



NOW, CAPTAIN, YOU WILL ENJOY THE HOSPITALITY OF GIGO'S RECREATION HALL!

SEE, THE BOWLING ALLEY RISES... WE HAVE A LOT IN STORE FOR YOU BELOW, CAPTAIN AMERICA!

AND I'VE A LOT IN STORE FOR YOU, TOO, LATER!



BUCKY, DRESSED AS PIN-BOY, WATCHES AS CAPTAIN AMERICA IS FORCED DOWN THE LONG STAIRWAY...

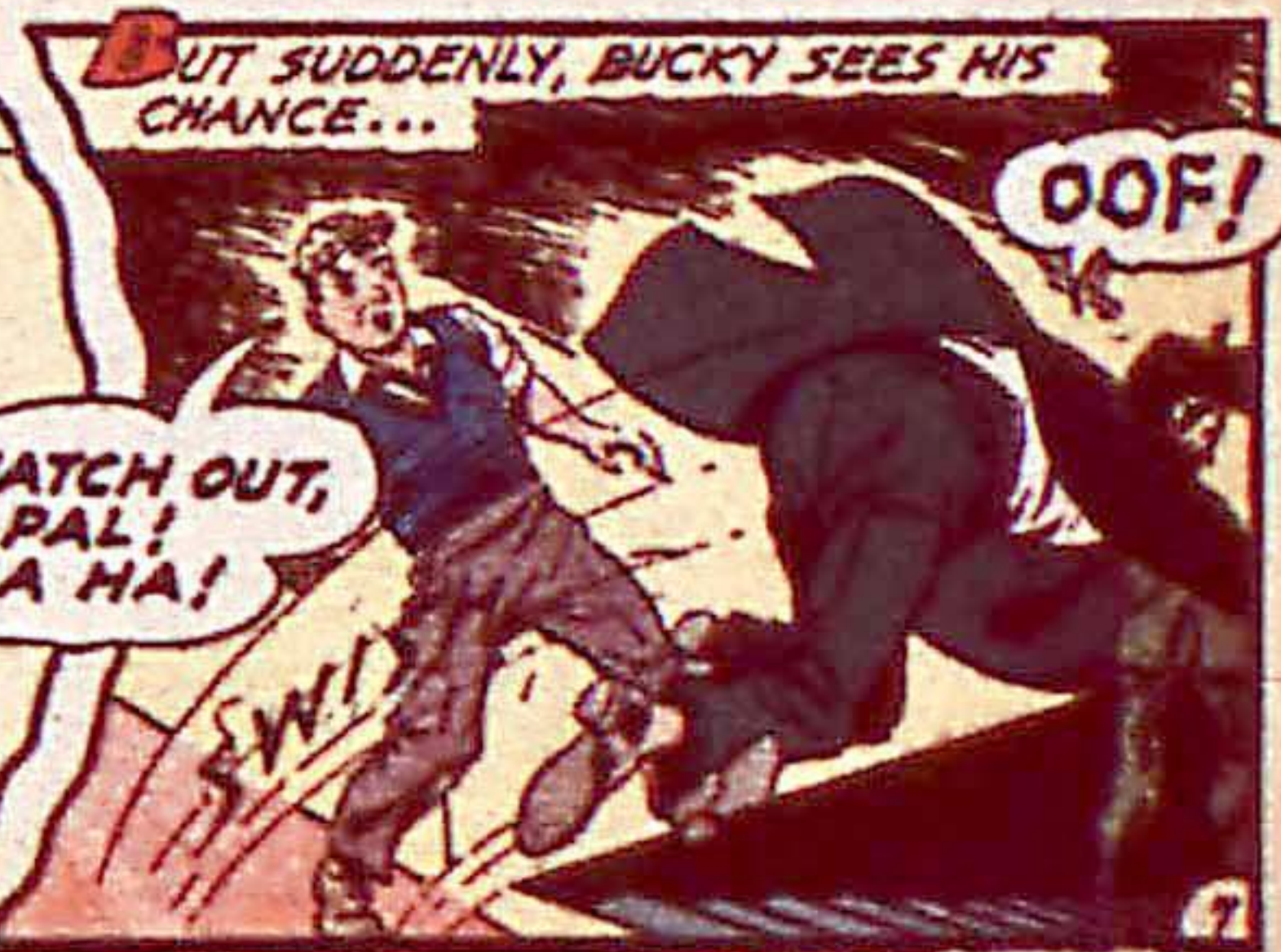


SCRAM, KID!

YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS, GIGO!

WATCH OUT, PAL! HA HA!

BUT SUDDENLY, BUCKY SEES HIS CHANCE...



OOF!

AND IMMEDIATELY CAP BREAKS LOOSE...

I'LL BE RIGHT WITH YOU, CAP!

NOW FOR THE SHOWDOWN!

ALTHOUGH YOU DON'T SEEM TO NEED MUCH HELP, CAP!

MINUTES LATER, WHEN OUR HEROES MOP UP THE MEN ON HAND...

YEAH, BUT WHERE'S GIGO?

THEY'RE OUT COLD, CAP!

WE'VE GOT TO FIND HIM, BUCKY!

RIGHT, BUT THIS WHOLE THING'S A MYSTERY TO ME!

HA, HA, THAT FREIGHT ELEVATOR FINISHED THEM!

SUDDENLY!

WHAT...? THEY STILL LIVE! PUT THEM IN OUR "GUEST ROOM," BOYS, AND GIVE THEM THE WORKS!

LIKE ALL STUPID OUTLAWS, GIGO HASN'T SENSE ENOUGH TO QUIT, AND----

NOW LET'S SEE HOW CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY LIKE BEING THE BOWLING PINS FOR AWHILE!

THE HELPLESS TWO ARE LOCKED INTO THE ALLEYS... AT THE OTHER END OF THE ALLEY...

MY HEAD'S STILL SPINNING, CAP!

HAVE COURAGE, KID... 'CAUSE I THINK IT'S GOING TO SPIN SOME MORE!

OF COURSE YOU REALIZE, CAPTAIN, THAT MY MAIN PURPOSE IN DOING AWAY WITH YOU IS TO GIVE MY FUEHRER A BETTER CHANCE TO INVADE YOUR HOMELAND! AND NOW...

COURAGE, KID!

WHAT A MAN... NOT A CRY OUT OF HIM!

TOO BAD! MY HOOK PREVENTED A SQUARER SHOT... I'LL DO BETTER THIS TIME!

YOU'RE GOING TO PAY FOR THIS, GIGO... AND PLENTY TOO!

BUT THE MADMAN'S LITTLE SPORT IS INTERRUPTED...

GET 'EM, MEN!

HAVING BEEN WARNED OF TROUBLE BY BUCKY BEFOREHAND, ROUGH-AND-READY M.P.'S RUSH IN IN THE NICK OF TIME!



TAKE THIS, RATS!

WHEN I SAW TROUBLE I WENT FOR HELP... I FOUND A NOTE FROM BUCKY UP STAIRS TELLING WHERE THE SECRET STAIRWAY WAS!

THE M.P.'S MOP UP AND CAP AND BUCKY ARE FREED!

WHERE'S THE RING-LEADER... THAT GIGO FELLOW?

THANKS, MAJOR! YOU CAME JUST IN TIME!



YOU'VE GOT ME!



CAPTAIN AMERICA FINDS SOMETHING VERY INTERESTING...

HELLO... HERE'S A STRANGE PIN!

LOOK! A PLASTIC WOOD PLUS OVER A .22 CALIBRE CARTRIDGE SET IN THE PIN HEAD...

WHERE'D THIS COME FROM, BUCKY?

FROM THE ALLEY JUST OVER THE STAIRS... THE ONE WHERE THE MAN WAS KILLED LAST NIGHT...

CAP INVESTIGATES THE UNDER SIDE OF THE BOWLING ALLEY...

WELL, WELL, A CATAPULT, EH?





GREEK "P" THAT'S THE LETTER RHO, EQUIVALENT TO THE ENGLISH R... HMMM... R... RUSSIA... THE RUSSIANS USE AN ALPHABET SIMILAR TO THE GREEK... MAYBE WE'VE GOT SOMETHING....

STEVE FOLLOWS HIS HOT LEAD...

YOWEE, HERE IT IS! THE LETTER "P", OR RATHER, RHO, IN A CIRCLE... A SOCIETY CALLED THE HOLY RING!

WHEN AMERICA'S GREATEST CRIMINOLOGIST TAKES UP THE HUNT, THERE'S NO STOPPING HIM!

LISTEN, BUCKY, IT SAYS, "THE HOLY RING, A SECRET ORDER OF CZARST RUSSIAN GRAND-DUKES, PRINCES AND GENERALS ORIGINALLY FORMED TO UNDERMINE THE SOVIET UNION... NOW DEVOTED TO THE DOWNFALL OF THE DEMOCRACIES! FIFTH COLUMN GROUPS OPERATE FROM CENTERS IN ALL CITIES WITHIN THE DEMOCRACIES!"

THE BUMS!

AFTER TWO DAYS OF HAUNTING THE RUSSIAN RESTAURANTS AND OTHER PLACES...

I HOPE WE HAVE SOME LUCK SOON... I'M FED UP WITH THIS KIND OF FOOD!

ME TOO, SAY!

DON'T SCREAM, KID - BUT LOOK AT THE DESIGN ON YOUR SILVERWARE!

WOW! THE SIGN OF THE HOLY RING!

NO WONDER! I'VE BEEN NOTICING MEN GOING INTO THE BACK ROOM! LET'S GO!

THIS IS THE HOLY RING HEADQUARTERS ALRIGHT, COME ON, I'VE GOT TO PRINT MYSELF A MEMBERSHIP CARD!

WE WANT A DRUG STORE - WE'LL HAVE TO BREAK IN 'CAUSE THEY'RE PROBABLY ALL CLOSED AT THIS HOUR...

ADHESIVE TAPE... JUST WHAT I NEED!



CAPTAIN AMERICA CUTS THE LETTER 'P' IN THE TAPE, REMOVES HIS GLOVE, AND PLACES IT ON HIS THUMB...



CAP THEN FINDS A BOTTLE OF VITRIOL AND POURS IT OVER THE TAPED THUMB...



VITRIOL! THAT'LL BURN THE DAY-LIGHTS OUTTA YOU!

NO PAIN IS TOO GREAT FOR YOUR COUNTRY, BUCKY!

YOWEE! THAT'S MEAN STUFF!



CAPTAIN AMERICA REVEALS HIS HANDIWORK...

IT-IT WORKED! GREAT STUFF, CAP!

WITH THIS, WE CAN THUMB OUR WAY RIGHT INTO THE HOLY RING HEADQUARTERS... LET'S HIT THE ROAD!



AMERICA'S PRIME CRIME-HUNTERS RACE TO THEIR QUARRY...

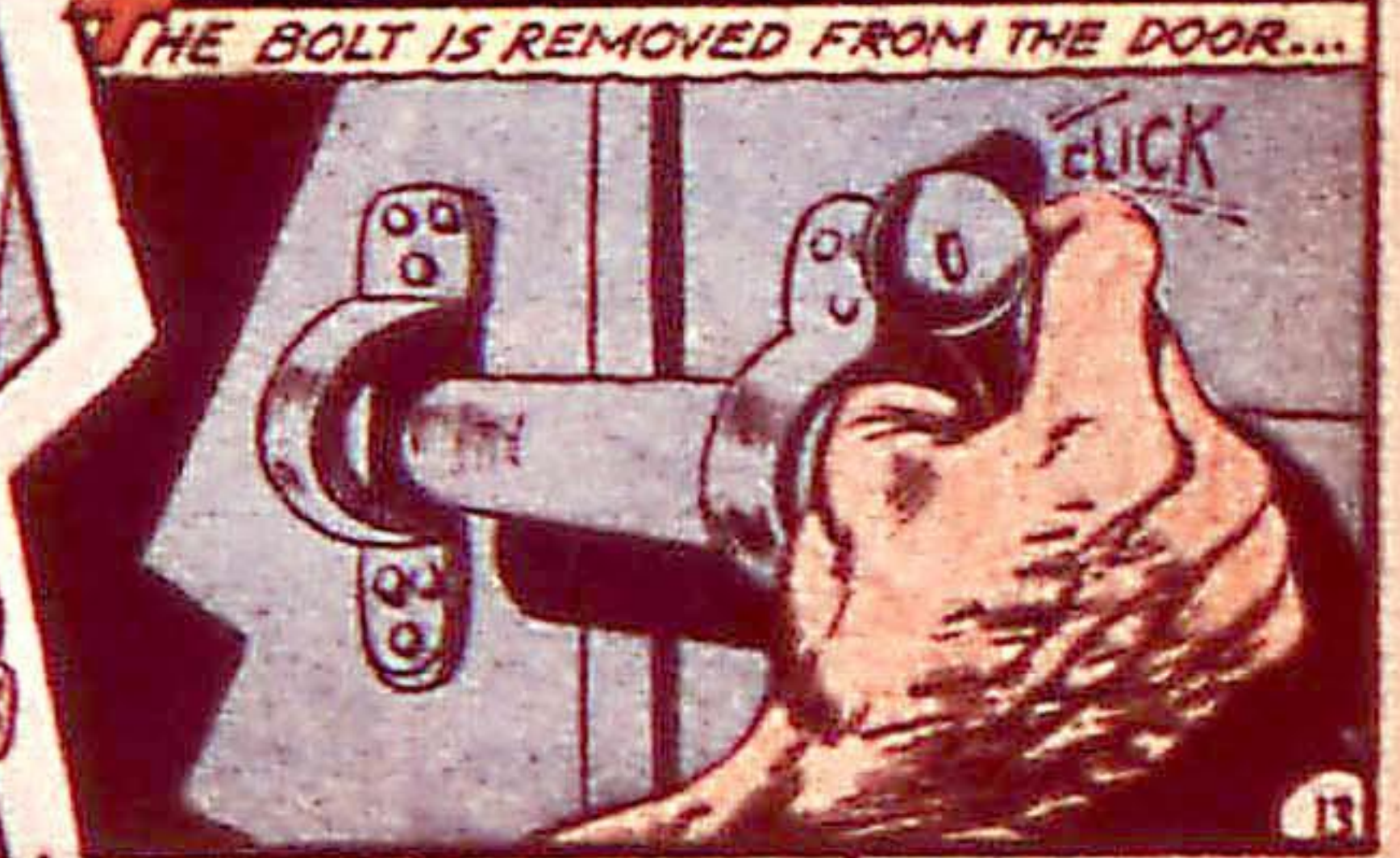


BACK AT THE SECRET DOOR OF THE RESTAURANT...



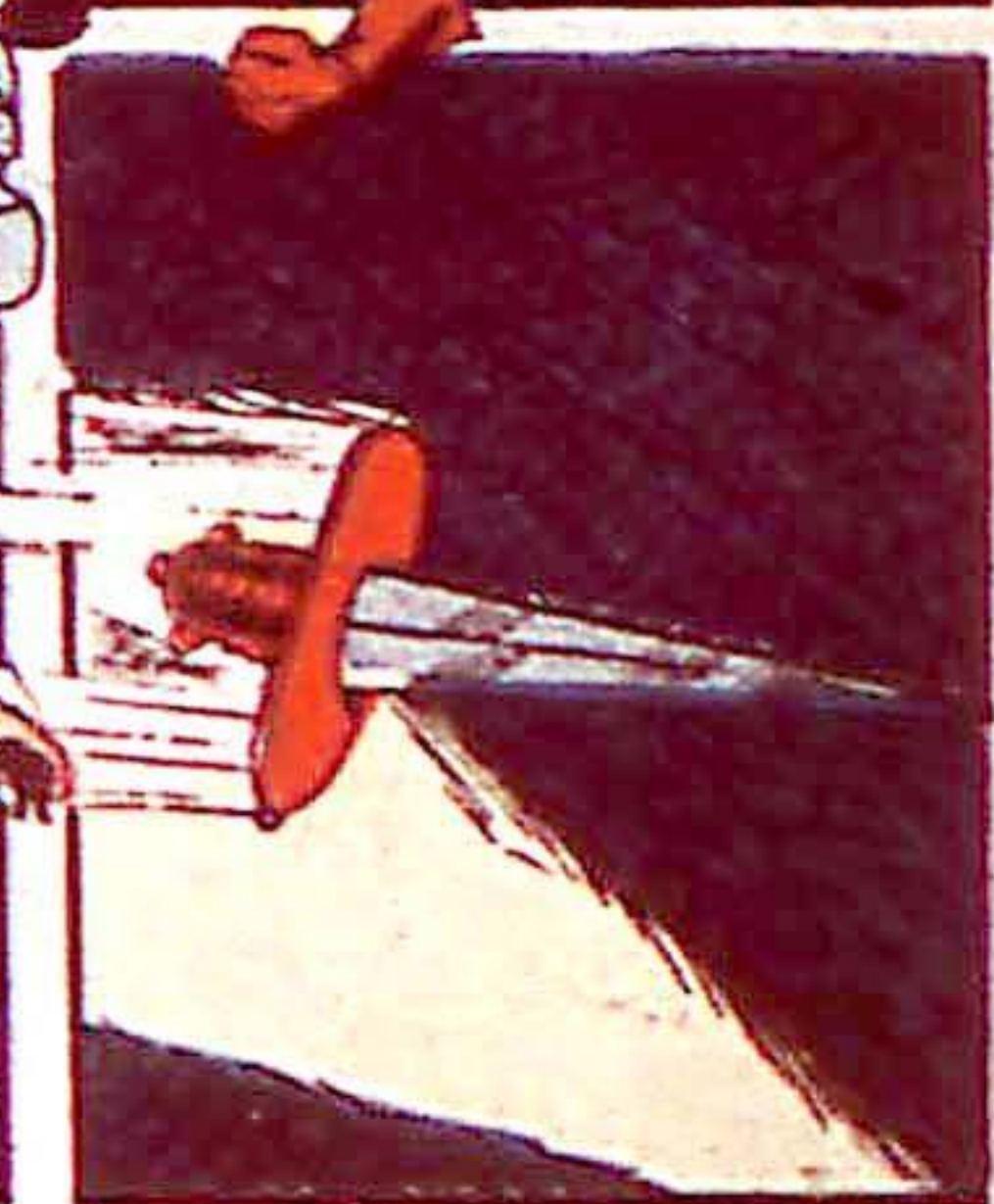
ENTER, BROTHER!

THE BOLT IS REMOVED FROM THE DOOR...



CLICK

...AND CAP AND BUCKY RUSH IN!



AS GIGO REACHES FOR THE FALLEN KNIFE, CAPTAIN AMERICA STRIKES...



I'VE HAD ENOUGH—
ENOUGH!

THEN START TALK-
ING—WHO ARE YOU?
WHAT'S YOUR
DIRTY JOB HERE
IN AMERICA?
SPEAK UP!

I-I AM PETER G. HIGOROVITCH—HEAD OF
THE AMERICAN ARM OF THE HOLY
RING...ONCE—YES, ONCE I WAS A
GREAT GENERAL OF THE CZAR'S
COSSACKS... I HATE DEMOCRACY!



WHEN THE
PEOPLE OF
RUSSIA TOOK
THE NATION
AWAY FROM US,
THE CZAR'S
NOBILITY—
I SWORE TO
RULE THE
WORLD THRU
THE HOLY
RING!

CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY TURN THE
POWER-MAD GENERAL OVER TO THE POLICE...

THIS MAN IS A MURDERER!
A EGOMANIAC
WHO BELIEVES HIMSELF
GREATER THAN ALL MEN!
HE DOESN'T BELONG
IN PRISON, BUT IN AN
ASYLUM!

YOU'VE DONE
A WONDERFUL
JOB, CAPTAIN!



THE NEXT DAY, AT CAMP LEHIGH...



HEY SLOPPY—STOP SPILLIN'
THEM SPUDS! WHADDA YA THINK THEY
ARE, BOWLING
BALLS?

IF THEY
WERE STEVE'D
KNOW HOW TO
USE THEM
BETTER THAN
ANYONE AROUND
HERE!

THE END

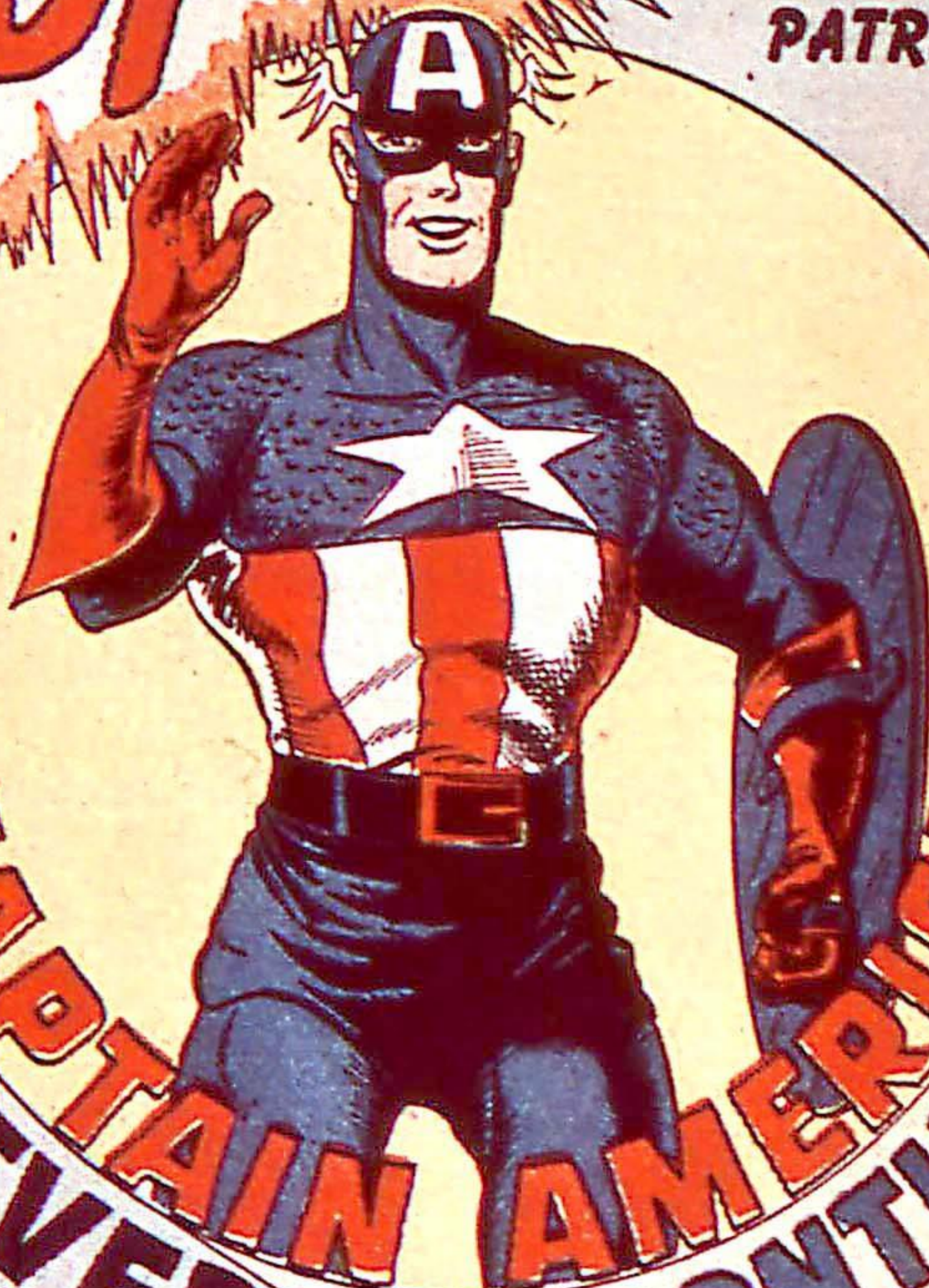
CAP AND BUCKY
WILL ASK FOR

**TERRY
TOONS**

AT THEIR NEWSSTAND
WILL YOU?

Tops!

**THRILLS!
MYSTERY!
ACTION!
COMEDY!
PATRIOTISM!**



CAPTAIN AMERICA
EVERY MONTH

**HEY,
KIDS!**

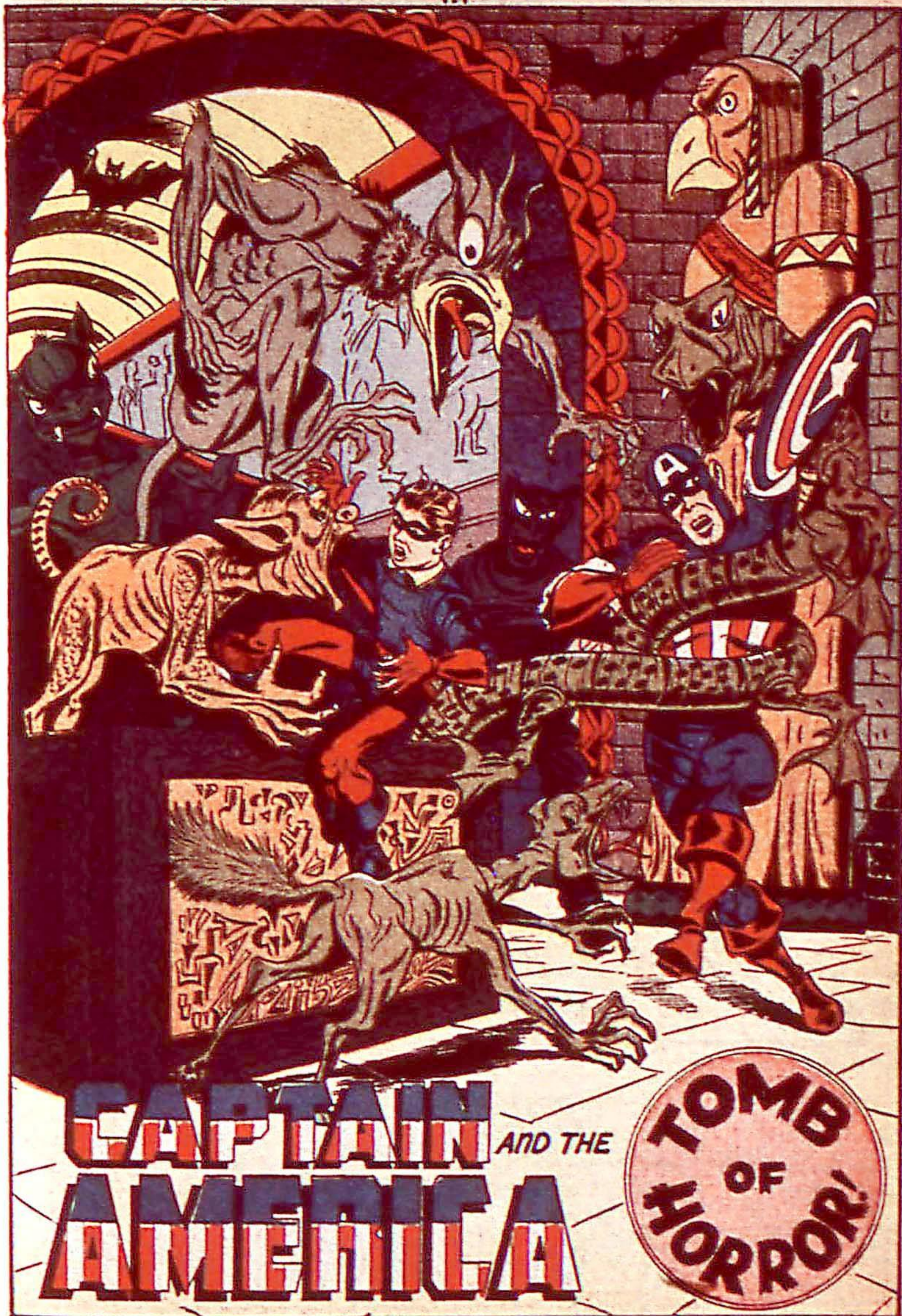
YOU'LL WANT TO BECOME A MEMBER OF CAP'S SENTINELS
OF LIBERTY AS SOON AS POSSIBLE! TO GET YOUR OFFICIAL
BADGE AND MEMBERSHIP CARD, MAIL THIS COUPON AND 10c TODAY
TO: CAPTAIN AMERICA, ROOM 1010, 330 WEST 42nd ST., NEW YORK CITY.

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY AND STATE _____





CAPTAIN AMERICA

AND THE

TOMB
OF
HORROR!

STEVE ROGERS AND BUCKY BARNES HAVE JUST RETURNED FROM A TEN MILE TOUGHENING HIKE WITH THEIR COMPANY IN THE AFRICAN DESERT!

O-U-UH MY FEET FEEL LIKE HOT FRYIN' PANS!

I'M DEAD FOR SLEEP! BOY, WON'T THOSE COTS FEEL GOOD!

NOW FOR A NICE LONG SLEEP!

MEET ME TO-NIGHT IN DREAMLAND!

A FACE APPEARS AT THE TENT OPENING... THE FACE OF SERGEANT MICHAEL DUFFY... SOME SAY HIS FATHER WAS FRANKENSTEIN... SOME SAY HIS FATHER WAS A WEREWOLF... IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN EITHER...

WELL NOW... ISN'T THIS SWEET... THE TWO BOYS HAVING THEIR AFTERNOON NAP!

GIDDUUUPP! YARDBIRDS!

AW, SARGE, I'LL FALL ASLEEP!

OH, NO! NOT ON THIS DETAIL!

THIS IS PROFESSOR WEMBLEY OF THE NATIONAL MUSEUM OF NOO YAWK... THE PROFESSOR WANTS YOU TO ASSIST HIM!

YES, SIR!

PROFESSOR HAROLD WEMBLEY EXPLAINS HIS MISSION!

WE WILL PROCEED BY CAMEL TO THE PYRAMIDS WHERE I WILL SEARCH FOR A PRICELESS HIEROGLYPHIC... THERE ARE SO MANY THIEVES AND GRAVE ROBBERS THAT I WILL NEED ASSISTANCE!

THESE T-THINGS MAKE A JEEP FEEL LIKE A FEATHER MATTRESS!

NO WONDER DUFFY SAID WE WOULDN'T SLEEP!

OFF GO OUR HEROES...

THE PYRAMIDS... THE TOMBS OF THE RULERS OF ANCIENT EGYPT!

YOU BOYS STAY HERE AND GUARD THE EQUIPMENT... I MUST LOCATE THE TOMB OF TUT-KA-AAMEN!

YESSIR!



WE GOTTA KEEP AWAKE... OR... DUF... ZZZZZZ...

YEAH, HEY STEVE, WHAT'S A HIEROGLP-L-PP...? ZZZZZ ZZZZZ...



Water...

COME! COME WITH ME! I'VE DISCOVERED IT! THE MYSTERY TOMB OF THE AGES!

WHA-AA? WHO-OOO?

GEE! WE MUST HAVE RUN A MILE DOWN THIS PASSAGE!



WE ARE TWO MILES UNDERGROUND... WE ARE THE FIRST TO TREAD THESE SECRET PASSAGES SINCE THE DAYS OF THE PHARAOKHS!

FAR DOWN IN THE BOWELS OF THE EARTH... THEY ENTER A CHAMBER FILLED WITH A WEIRD BLUE LIGHT!

THERE! THE TOMB OF HORROR!



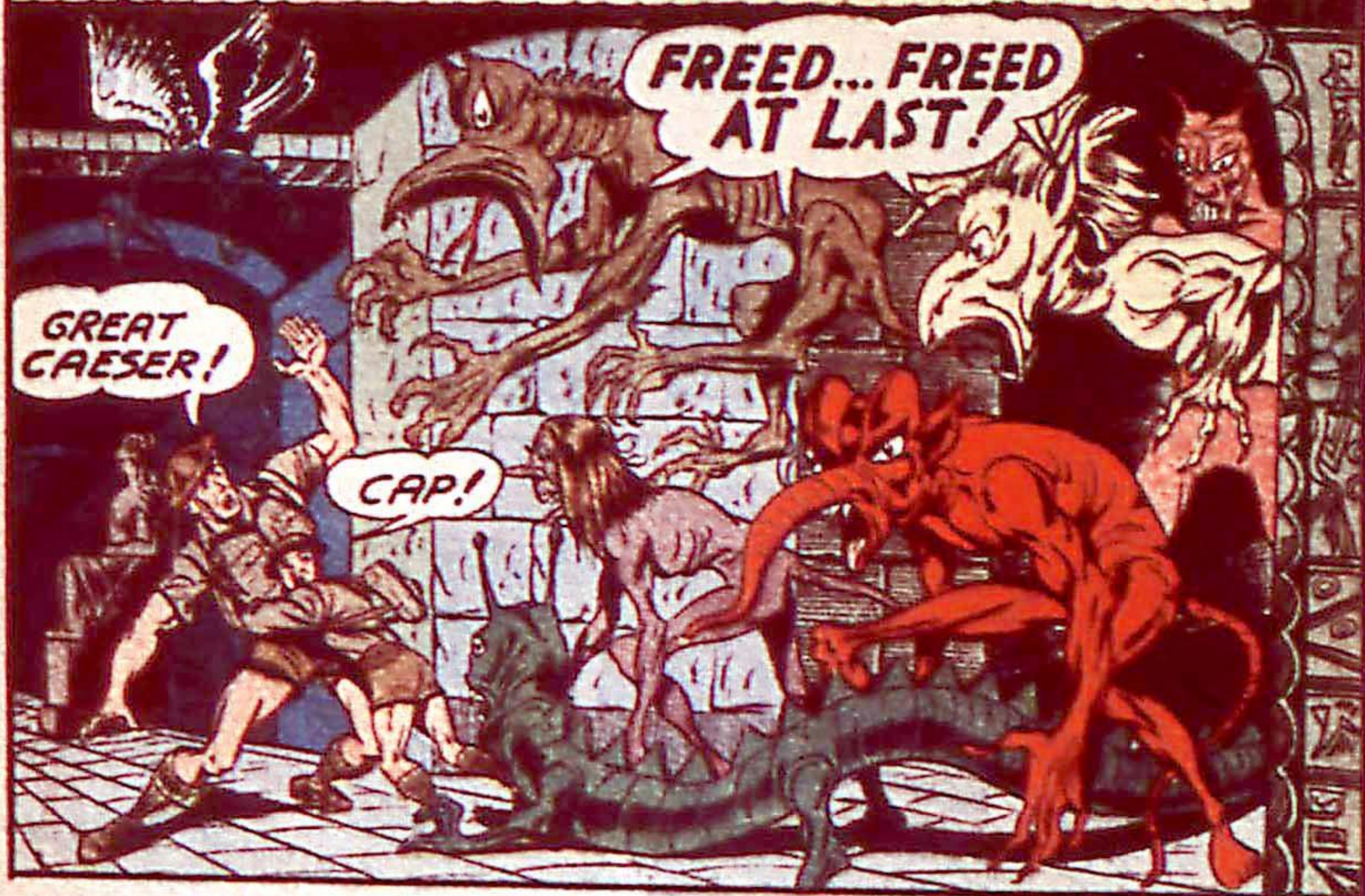
UGH, IT'S HEAVY!

SOMETHING SLIMY IS STROKING MY HAND!

WHAT A SURPRISE YOU TWO ARE IN FOR! COME, WE SHALL OPEN THE TOMB!



SUDDENLY, THE DOOR FLIES OPEN... THE DEMONS, THE FURIES, THE WEREWOLVES, THE VAMPIRES... THE HORRORS OF THE NETHER WORLD BURST FORTH!



THEY STARE IN HORROR AS THE PROFESSOR, WITH TALON-LIKE CLAWS, TEARS AWAY HIS FEATURES AND....



YA, HA! HA! TRAPPED! YOU'RE TRAPPED! I KNEW YOU WERE CAPTAIN AMERICA! YOU'LL NEVER GET OUT OF THIS VAULT ALIVE... NOT WHILE I HAVE MY DEMONS WITH ME!



WE'LL TAKE YOU UP ON THAT!

STEVE ROGERS AND BUCKY BARNES TAKE THEIR FIGHTING COSTUMES FROM THEIR KNAP-SACKS AND APPEAR AS CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY-SENTINELS OF LIBERTY!



THERE'S A TOUGH JOB AHEAD FOR CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY!

LET'S GO, CAP!

HA! HA! NOW TO WATCH MY ANCIENT CREATURES FINISH THOSE TWO!



GIVE THEM EVERYTHING IN THE BOOK, BUCKY!



RIGHT! AND PLENTY MORE!



OUT IN AN INSTANT THE SLIMY CREATURES SWARM ALL OVER CAP AND BUCKY...

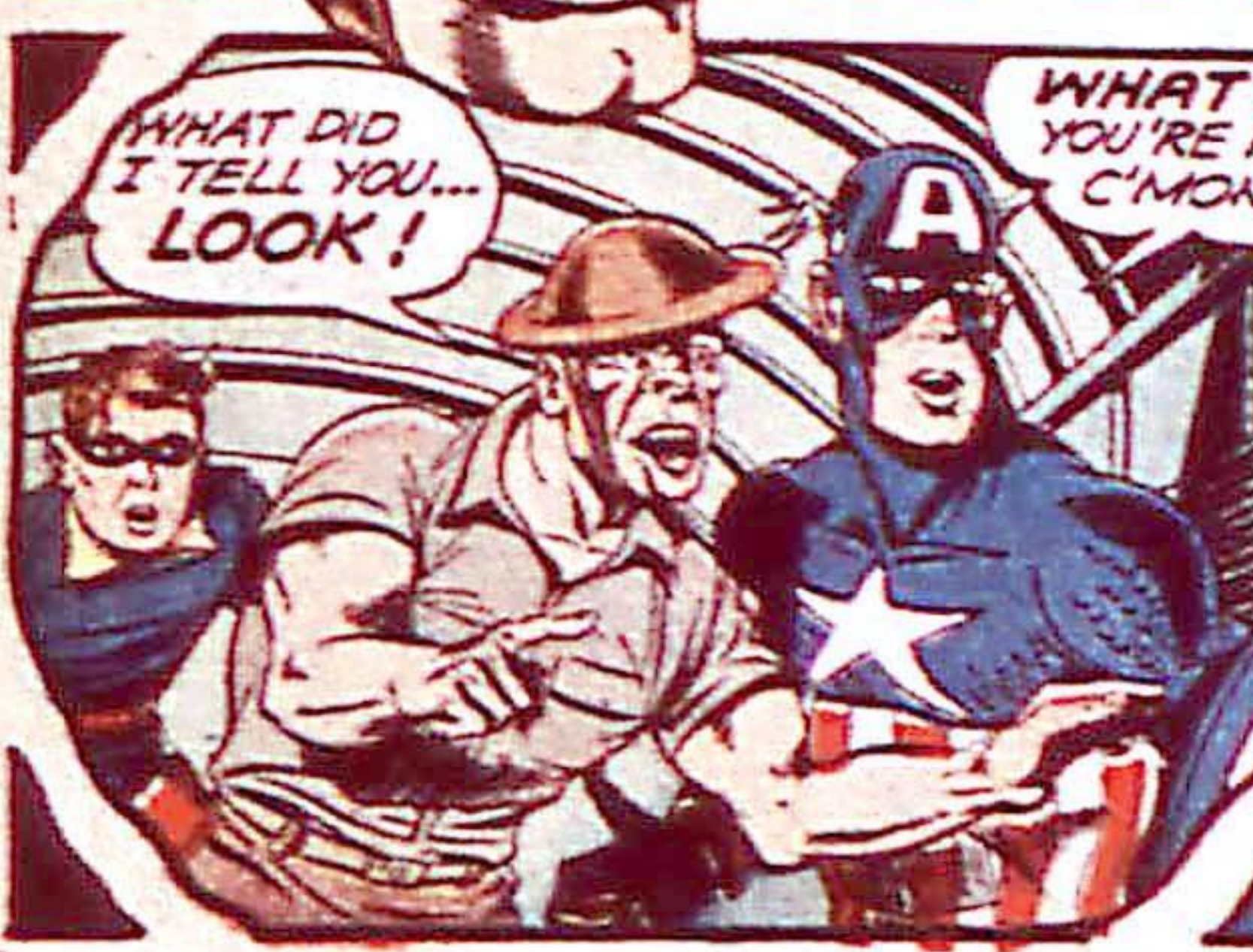
HOLY SMOKE! THEY SPLATTER LIKE JELLY! THIS IS GRUESOME!

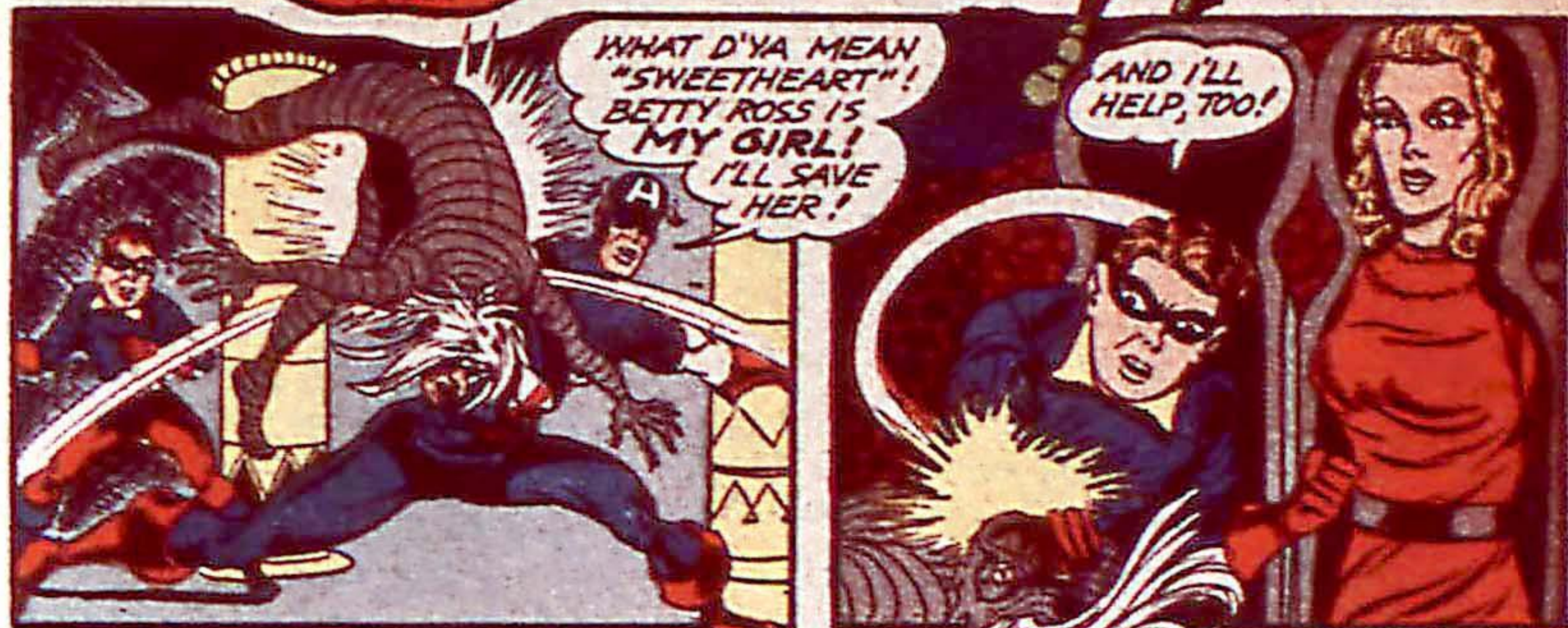


CAP! I NEED HELP!









SERGEANT DUFFY RUSHES OFF WITH BETTY, LEAVING CAP AND BUCKY BEHIND...

WELL, BUCKY, LOOKS LIKE I'VE LOST MY GIRL!

I'M REAL SORRY, CAP!

SUDDENLY!

CAP! LOOK-OUT!

INSTANTLY THE ROOM IS AGAIN FILLED WITH THE WEIRD CREATURES OF THE TOMB!

LET GO OF THAT KID!

HELP, CAP!

NEARBY!

LET'S FINISH THEM NOW AND FOREVER!

LET'S GO!

I'M TOUGH TOO, CAPTAIN!

P.S. JOKE!

THE BLACK TOAD POUNCES UPON BUCKY...

START SAYING YOUR PRAYERS, SONNY BOY!

I'M NOT AFRAID OF YOU, TOAD!



BUCKY GIVES THE TOAD A TERRIFIC WALLOP SENDING HIM FLYING AGAINST THE BLACK TALON, THUS RELEASING HIS DEATH-LIKE GRIP UPON CAPTAIN AMERICA...





LOOK, CAPTAIN AMERICA!
I FOUND IT! AN ANCIENT TABLET
TELLING HOW THE EGYPTIANS
MADE BREAD!



PHEW, 'ANTS ALLOVER ME!
I THOUGHT
THEY WERE
DEMONS!

BOY, YOU SURE
YELLED AS IF
THEY WERE!



GLAD THAT WAS
ONLY A DREAM...
FOR A WHILE
IT HAD ME FOOLED!

SO BETTY ROSS
LIKES SARGE
BETTER THAN
ME, EH?



WELL, ON TO
OUR NEXT
ADVENTURE,
BUCKY!

YA MEAN WITH
SERGEANT
DUFFY, STEVE?

I SHOULDN'T BE
JEALOUS—IT WAS
ONLY A DREAM!
BUT WAIT'LL I SEE
BETTY! I'LL SHOW
HER!

THE END

**BUT THIS
IS NO DREAM--**

**TERRIFY-
TOONS**

WILL BE ON SALE
SOON!

A SPECIAL MESSAGE TO THE BOYS ~~and~~ GIRLS OF AMERICA FROM HENRY MORGENTHAU, JR.

**"SECRETARY OF THE
TREASURY!"**

THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY
WASHINGTON



Boys and Girls of America:

Here's a way for every one of you
to help your country.

Every time you buy a Savings Stamp
you are helping Uncle Sam to pay for a part
of a gun, plane or ship which your fathers,
brothers or uncles are using for the defense
of our country.

If every one of you forty million
boys and girls would buy at least one ten-cent
Savings Stamp every week, you would be lending
your Uncle Sam two hundred million dollars
every year. Think of all the guns, planes and
ships he could buy with that!

Remember, you can help to "Keep 'em
Flying" by buying a Defense Stamp every week.

Sincerely,

Henry Morgenthau Jr.

FOR VICTORY



**BUY
UNITED
STATES
SAVINGS
BONDS
AND
STAMPS**

**THIS
SPACE IS
DONATED BY THE
PUBLISHERS OF THIS
MAGAZINE IN THE INTEREST OF
NATIONAL DEFENSE ~~and~~ VICTORY!**

"THE YANKS ARE COMING!"

PPRIVATE JONES was an ordinary American boy, just as you and I. He was in his early twenties, and had been drafted into Uncle Sam's Army of fighting men. Pete Jones was eager to go and do his part in ridding the world of the fiends who were trying to enslave the peoples of the earth. So when the call to arms came, Pete went away to camp, anticipating months of vigorous training and then his chance to "get at those rats!" Pete couldn't think of a better term to refer to the enemy.

It was tough going through that period of vigorous training, but Pete Jones loved every minute of it. He was doing a job for his country, and he was going to do it right! Only one thought was uppermost in his mind, and that was to prepare himself for the eventual clash with the foe, and be certain that he would crush the enemy as no warrior had ever been crushed!

... Then, orders came. The well-trained and fully equipped soldiers of his camp were leaving, destination unknown. But there was a kind of tension in the air that morning, a feeling which went through every nephew of Uncle Sam. Action was what they had wanted for a long time, and now it had come at last! It really didn't matter to what part of the world they were going, just as long as the enemy would be there so they could knock the living daylight out of him!

The young men marched up the gangplank and soon filled the transport. There were no brass bands to see them off, no cheering, waving crowds. That would come on the day these men returned home in glory and triumph. But it was a sort of glory in getting on this ship and heading for the scene of conflict. At last these men were going out to show the world what stuff Americans are made of. They were going to fill many pages of

history with the gallantry of the Yanks! How the world was going to cheer and thrill to their exploits in the midst of the enemy!

... Days went by. No one knew where they were headed. Europe, or Asia, or Africa, or where? But after all what did it matter? They were going to get into action now, and that was all they cared for. "Let us at 'em!" That's what these men were saying.

Every day Pete Jones leaned over the rail of the transport and scanned the horizon for a sign of land. But day after day, only the blue waters of the ocean met the eye. Pete was hoping they'd get there soon. How he wanted to tear into the Axis scum and rip them apart! How he longed for the moment when he would meet the enemy and teach him a lesson he would never forget. The Yanks did it before, and they could do it again.

... At last they came in sight of land. The men lined the decks, hoping to get a glimpse of the people who were to be their hosts. As the ship swung into the dock, it was soon evident where they were. This was the land down under, Australia! Yes, there was a crowd here to greet them, thousands of thrilled Australians who wanted to show how happy they were to have Americans in their midst. Their cheers seemed to swell into a tidal wave of sound, as the Yanks came down the gangplank two by two. Pete Jones was the first American to set foot on Australian soil, and he felt a thrill of emotion go through his sturdy frame as he planted both his feet on firm ground!

Later the men were settled in comfortable barracks, and were treated like royalty by their hosts. After all, the Aussies and the Yanks were Allies, and nothing was too good for the boys from across the sea.

But the same thought was still

going through the minds of the Yanks. When were they going to see action? Soon enough, was the reply from those who knew. Meanwhile, the boys enjoyed themselves, exchanging stories and jokes with the Aussies who were always among them. There was a feeling of comradeship, of brotherhood between these soldiers of two nations; a camaraderie which could never exist between the men which made up the fighting forces of the Axis. These Americans and their Anzac buddies trusted each other, and they couldn't do enough to show the respect and admiration they held for each other.

... At last, the day came. There was a report that Jap forces had made a landing on an island hundreds of miles north of Australia, and it was necessary that these rodents be chased out of their nests. Otherwise, the enemy might use this particular island as a stepping stone into Australia itself. The island could easily be used as a naval base as well as an air base. The object was to dislodge the Japs, and then hold the island against any further encroachments. The Yanks were going to do the job, while the Australian forces were concentrated elsewhere in thrusts against enemy positions in the Pacific.

There was plenty of excitement in the camp when orders came through to get set for the drive. There was a tension in the air, but it was a feeling of excitement, of eager anticipation which every single man in uniform felt. Pete Jones smiled inwardly to himself. This was it! This was the moment he had been waiting for all those months of training back home. Now he'd show them what kind of soldiers Uncle Sam could turn out!

The sound of marching men echoed through the streets of the town as the Yanks left for the front. It was dusk when they filed

onto the ship. Under cover of darkness, the transport left the harbor and sailed out to sea, headed northward. Hours passed, many hours! It was nearly forty-eight hours since they had left their base on the mainland of Australia. Their destination couldn't be very far now.

Another day passed, and it was evening again. Then it was that each man was ordered to prepare for a landing on the occupied island. The island was a large one, and air observers had reported that the enemy occupied the northern tip of this island. So the transport anchored near the south shore of the island. All night, in comparative silence, the armed troops made their way ashore in lifeboats. They made trip after trip, and when the morning sun finally broke over the horizon, every fighting man was landed.

Then began the long trek through the jungle growth of the place, until they should reach the north shore where the enemy was disporting itself, and already building up its naval and air bases in preparation for an attack on the mainland of Australia itself. Previous military successes had made the Japs believe that they were invulnerable. They believed that every maneuver they plotted would meet with instant and complete success. What they did not know was the fact that at that very moment, trouble was brewing for them on the very island where they felt so secure! What a surprise was in store for them. How the idiotic little sneaky men were going to get a jolt!

Pete Jones was so eager to get started on the Japs, that he walked too fast and got ahead of his buddies. He had to be called back by the officer in charge, warning him to stick close with his comrades. They were all going to take on the foe together. No reason for one man to expose himself to unnecessary danger.

Then they came out of the heavy tangled growth of the jungles, and stood on the hills, looking down on the swarms of Japs at work below on the shore. There was quite

a large area of cleared land, and many planes, both bombers and fighters, rested there. Tents were up on all sides, and the engineers were hard at work constructing a dock which would extend far out into the water.

The American soldiers crouched on the ground, waiting the word which would send them flying into battle. With blazing eyes, Pete Jones followed every activity of the enemy force. He could see Japs lolling near the tents, wholly unaware that they were even now being marked for targets! Other Japs were tinkering with the planes, getting them set for action in the near future. And Jap engineers were busy working on the dock.

The commander was crouched beside Pete. When he fired, the first shot, the battle would begin. But, suddenly, he tapped Pete on the back. He pointed to a Jap standing beside one of the huge bombers.

"All right, Jones!" he whispered. "Let's see you knock that guy off!" Pete had been given the honor of firing the first shot! He didn't bother to ask why. He just raised his rifle to his shoulder and . . .

"BANG!" The Jap fell to the ground without a sound issuing from his throat.

Then it was that all fury broke loose! A swift staccato of rifle shots filled the air, as each Yank picked out a target and fired. Hundreds of the foe dropped, never again to hurl defiance at the forces of Freedom and Decency! They scattered to shelter, only to be felled by a repeated barrage of bullets. These Yanks didn't waste a shot! When the enemy finally got behind the protection of their lumber piles, half of their number had already been wiped out!

Each Jap was picked off when he dared to stick his head out in the open. The scum were up against a superior band of warriors, and they knew it. Their only hope lay in getting somehow to their planes and flying out of danger.

But Pete Jones was using his head too! He knew what the Japs

would try to do, so he decided to head them off. He maneuvered himself into a position from which he could see anyone who tried to make the dash from the lumber pile to the planes. One by one, the foe made an effort to race across the intervening space, but they were dropped like flies. Then the Japs decided to make a concentrated rush for the planes. Some of them were bound to get through!

Oh yeah! Pete said to himself. That's what they think! He reached into his kit and brought out some grenades. His buddies took the cue from Pete and followed suit. With a heave, the grenades sailed through the air and dropped in the midst of the running Japs. They didn't have a chance! The Yanks were masters on that island and there was no mistaking about that!

In less than two hours, the enemy (what was left of it) came out from hiding with their hands raised in surrender! They knew when they were licked! The gallantry of the powerful American soldiers had not been over-rated . . . they were as invincible as world report had stated they were. "Wait until the Yanks get after 'em!" This phrase had put fear into the minds of the enemy, and now they knew how true those words were! "The Americans are unbeatable!" These Japs who surrendered realized that. If only they could tell their fellows of the Axis what a lost cause they were fighting! Alas, they would all soon find out for themselves, much to their sorrow!

It was a small band of despairing Japs who left the island that day as prisoners of war. All that was left behind was a mass of flaming planes and ships and those of the foe who would never lift a gun against the Allies again!

It was a cheering crowd that greeted the Americans when they returned to the mainland of Australia. These men had showered themselves with glory, and had proved the calibre of American soldiers! People knew why their hearts filled with courage and joy whenever they heard the thrilling words: "The Yanks Are Coming!"



WITH HIS GIRL, BETTY ROSS, AWAY ON A SECRET GOVERNMENT MISSION, STEVE ROGERS CONSOLES HIMSELF AT A U.S.O. DANCE!



YOU DANCE DIVINELY, MR. ROGERS!

E-R-R-R- THANKS-

GEE, I MISS BETTY!

SUDDENLY THEY HEARS A DEAFENING EXPLOSION!

WHAT'S THAT!



BUCKY BARNES, STEVE'S PAL AND COMPANY MASCOT, RUSHES ONTO THE DANCE FLOOR...



STEVE! WE'VE BEEN BOMBED!

STEVE AND BUCKY RUSH OUT TO THE SCENE OF DESTRUCTION!



JUMPIN' JACK RABBITS! THE WHOLE CAMPS DOWN!

LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THAT SHELL CRATER!

STEVE AND BUCKY GAZE IN AWE AT A GIANT SHELL FRAGMENT!



LOOK, BUCKY! NO SHELL FRAGMENT WAS EVER MADE THAT BIG!

CAP! THERE'S WRITING IN JAPANESE ON IT!

IMMEDIATELY, PURSUIT PLANES EQUIPPED FOR HIGH ALTITUDE ROAR UPWARD FOR CONTACT WITH THE ENEMY— BUT —



I CAN'T SEE A THING!

THE SOUND DETECTORS DIDN'T REGISTER A THING! THOSE JAPS HAVE SOMETHING NEW!

AT THAT INSTANT, 2,000 MILES AWAY, ONE OF THE COUNTRY'S BIGGEST DAMS IS HIT!



EXTRA! EXTRA! EXTRA!

DID JAPS SHELL AMERICA FROM JAPAN?

AMERICA IN PERIL FROM STRANGE WEAPON!

AT ARMY HEADQUARTERS...

AGENT ROSS IN JAPAN WARNED US OF THIS WEAPON!

BUT THE JAPS CAPTURED HER!

THERE IS ONLY ONE MAN WHO CAN HELP US NOW—CAPTAIN AMERICA!

AMERICA CALLING, BUCKY, LET'S GO!

STEVE ROGERS AND BUCKY BARNES MAKE A QUICK CHANGE AND RUSH TO THE AID OF THEIR COUNTRY!

YAHOO!

CAPTAIN AMERICA! YOUR COUNTRY NEEDS YOU! REPORT TO GENERAL HEADQUARTERS!

OUR AGENT HAS OBTAINED PLANS OF THE JAPS' TERRIBLE WEAPON, BUT THEY CAPTURED HER!

HER?

BETTY! THAT GIVES A DOUBLE REASON TO CRACK THIS MYSTERY WIDE OPEN!

YES—HER NAME IS BETTY ROSS!

BETTY!

THESE ARE YOUR ORDERS: YOU WILL PROCEED BY PLANE, DESTROYER, AND SUBMARINE TO THE JAPANESE COAST... INVADE THE COUNTRY, DESTROY THE GUN AND BRING BACK THE PLANS!

A GERMAN AGENT GETS WORD, AND A WARNING WINGS OVER THE PACIFIC TO JAPAN...

CAPTAIN AMERICA TO INVADE JAPAN AND DESTROY WEAPON T-7!

BUT LET
US TURN
TO THE
SECRET
CHAMBER
OF
PAW,
THE MAD
JAPANESE
GENIUS!



AT THAT MOMENT A FLYING FORTRESS GLIDES DOWN INTO PEARL HARBOR!



HERE'S WHERE THE JAPS PULLED A SNEAK PUNCH, BUCKY!

HAVING LANDED, CAP AND BUCKY RUSH FOR A DESTROYER!



YEAH! CAPTAIN AMERICA!

ANCHORS AWEIGH!

LET'S GO, SAILORS!

WE'RE OFF, CAP!



THE DESTROYER RIPS TOWARD JAPAN AT FULL SPEED!

WE'RE ABOUT DUE TO MEET THE SUB, CAPTAIN AMERICA!

THERE'S THE SUB!



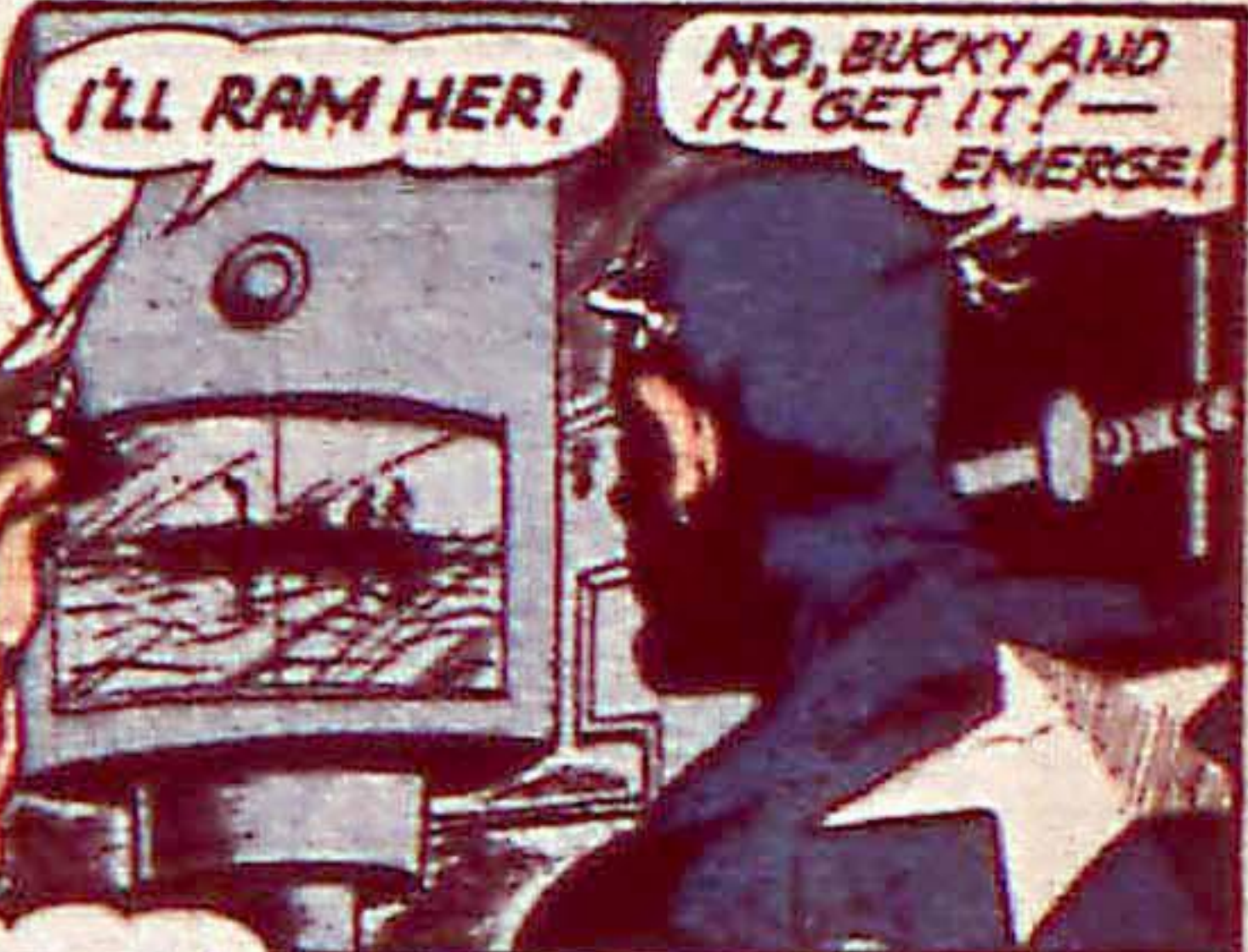
SO LONG, SAILORS!

A BRIEF HOUR LATER—

FIFTY MILES OFF THE COAST OF JAPAN!

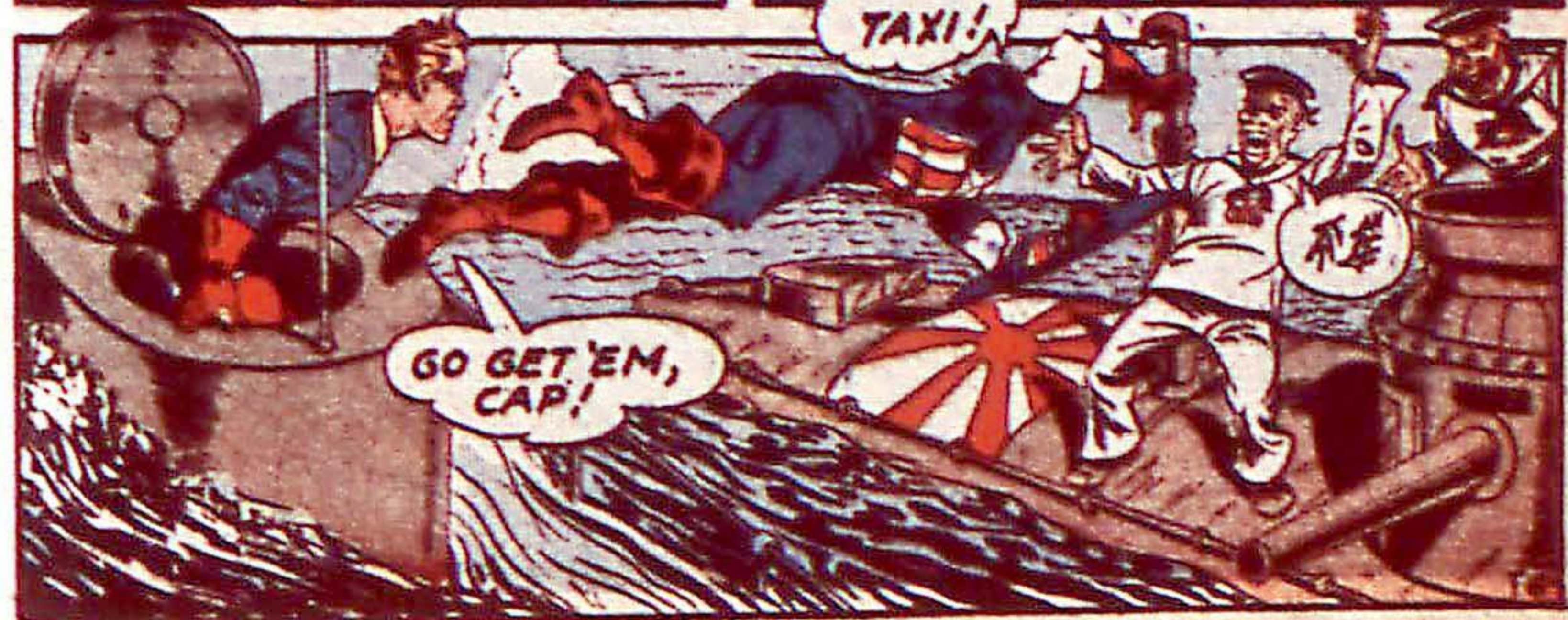


CAPTAIN AMERICA, LOOK! I'VE SIGHTED A TWO-MAN SUBMARINE!



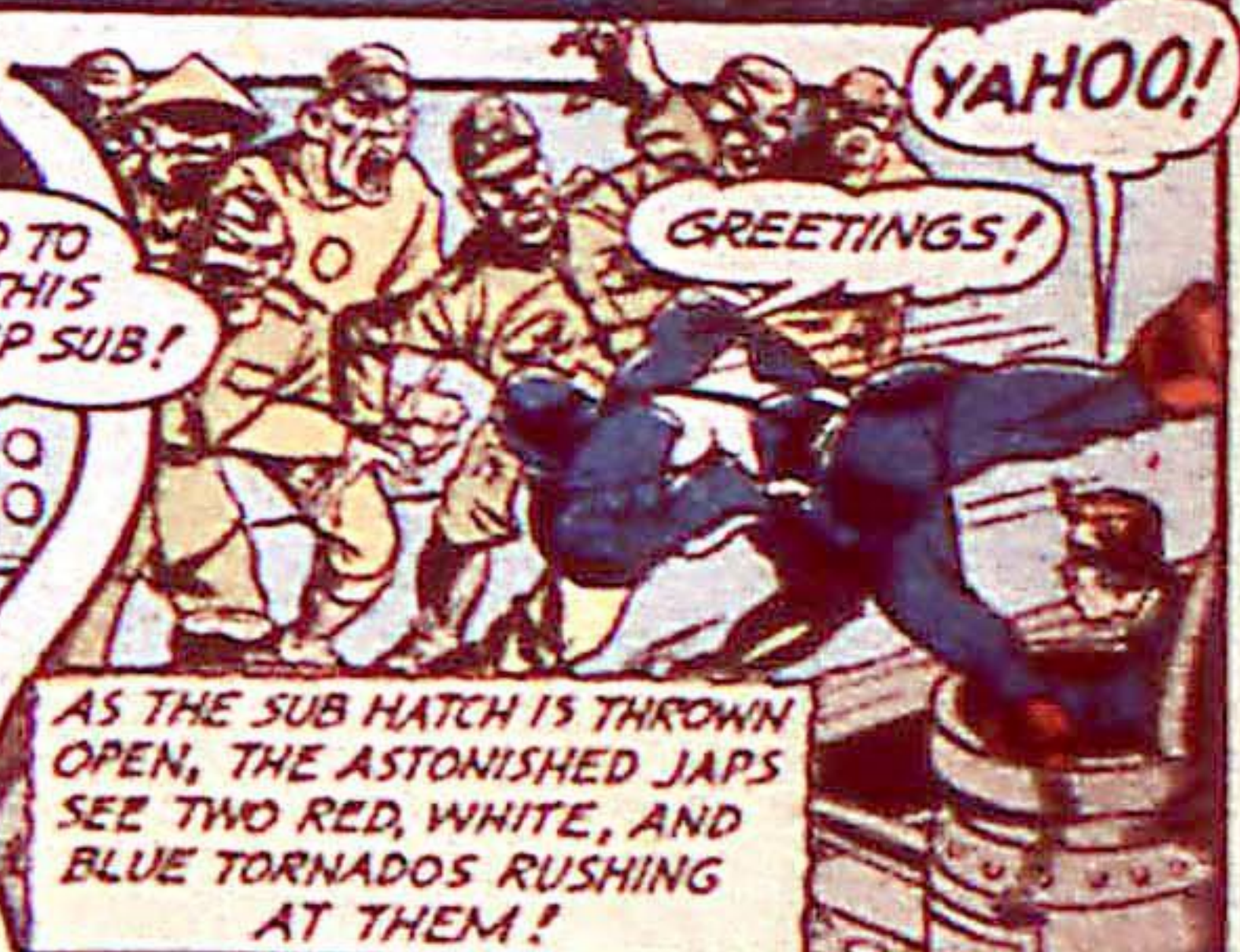
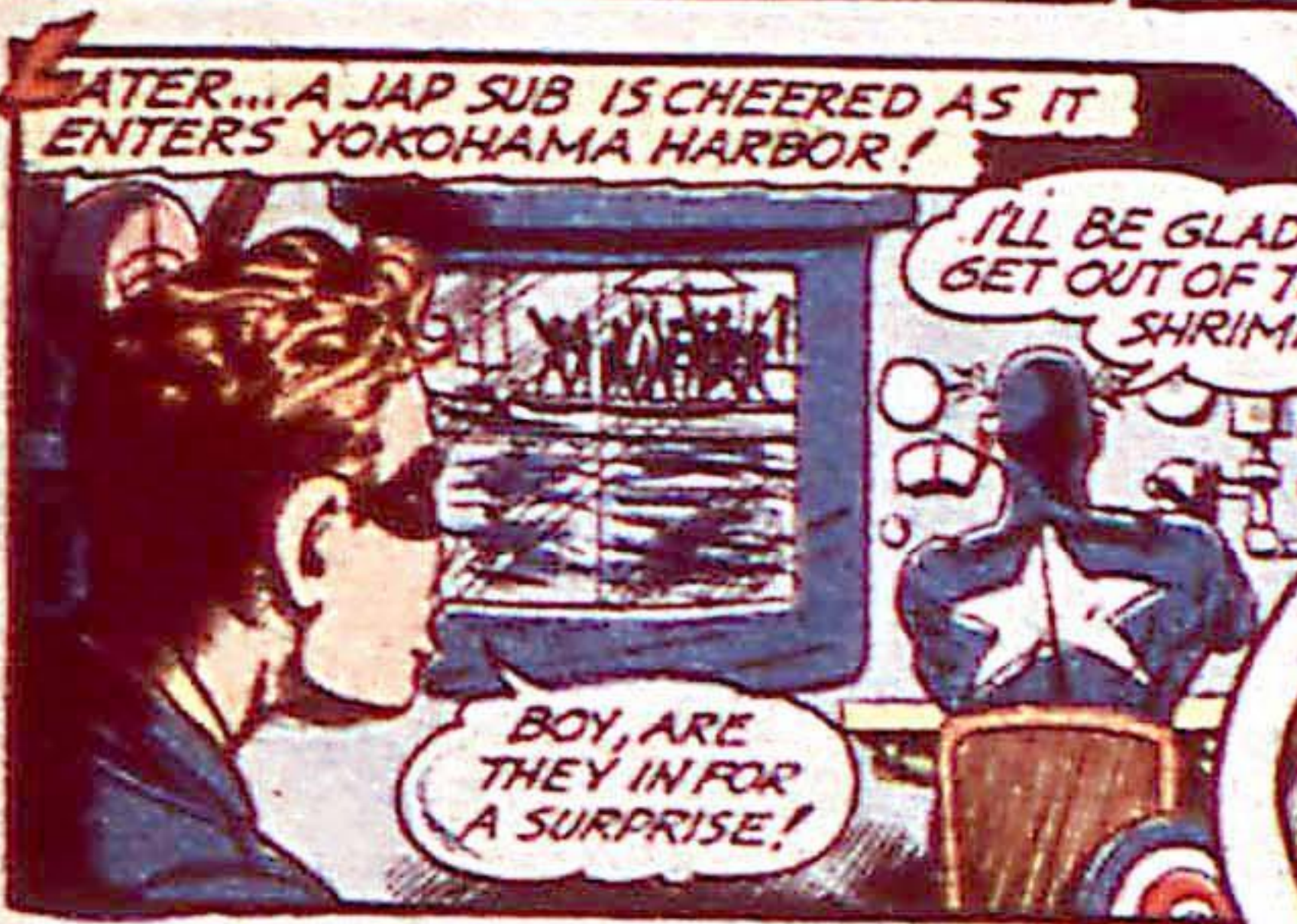
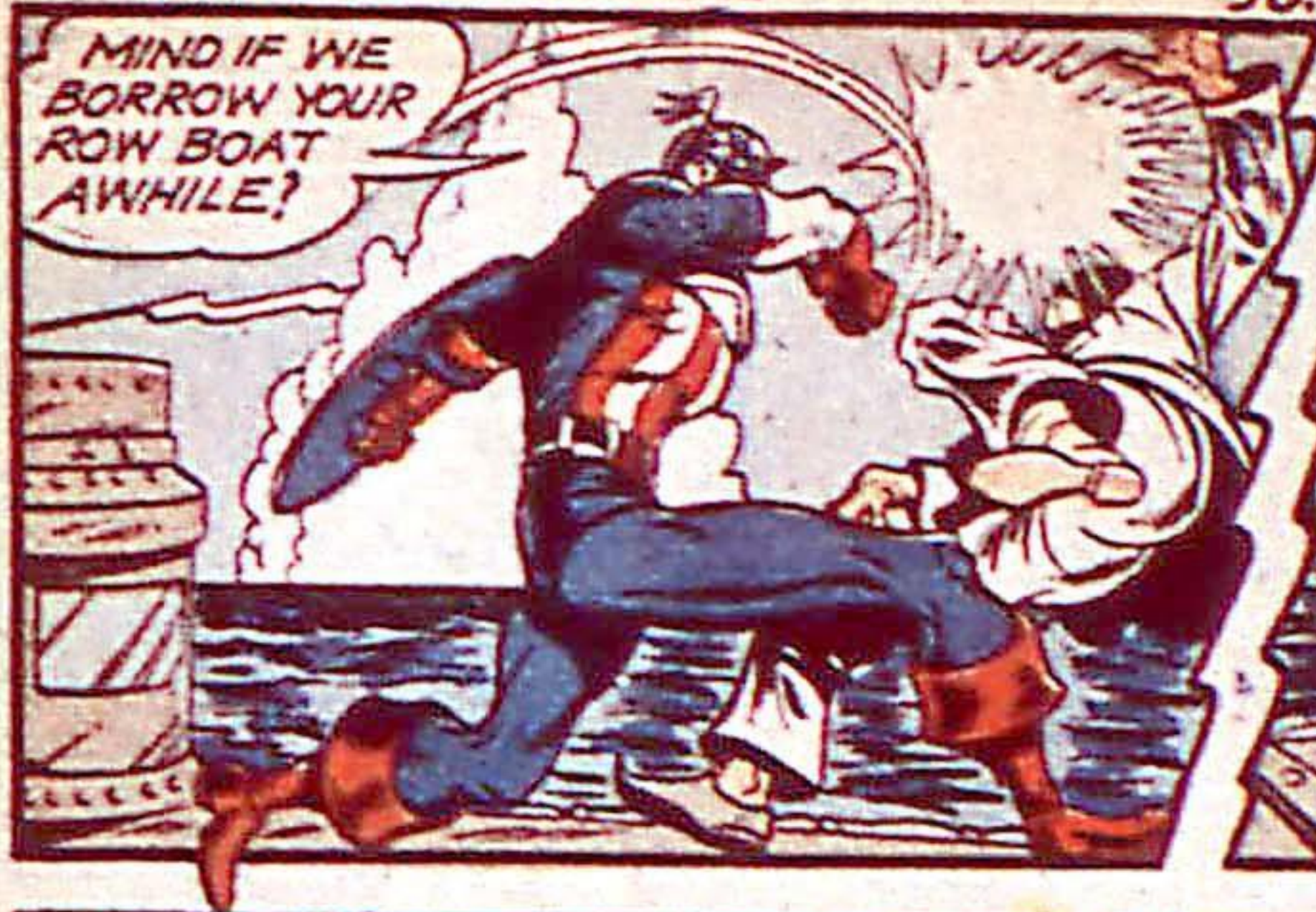
I'LL RAM HER!

NO, BUCKY AND I'LL GET IT! — EMERGE!



TAXI!

GO GET 'EM, CAP!





QUICK!
OVER
THERE...
A JAP
TEMPLE!

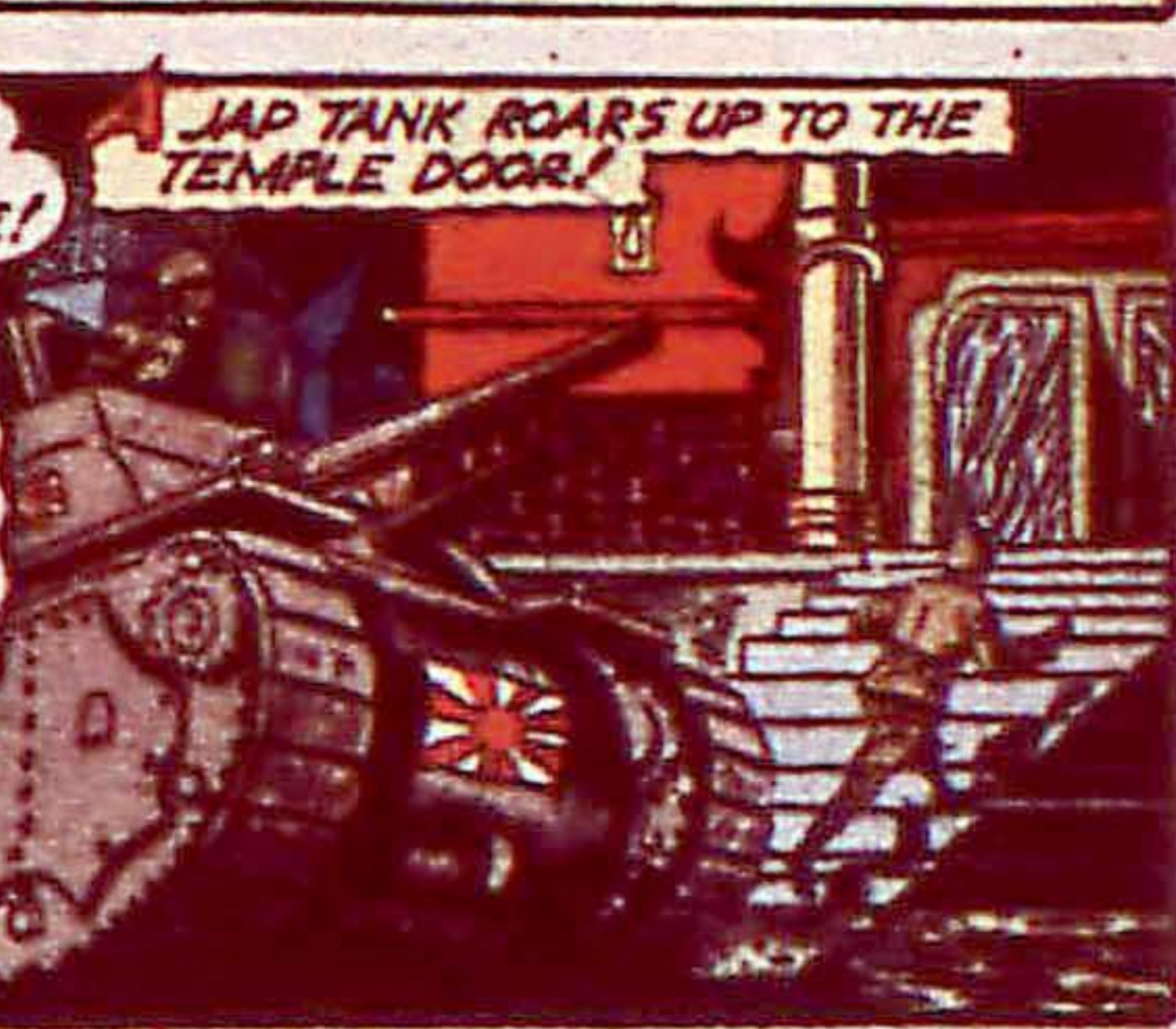


WE'D LIKE
TO USE
YOUR
COSTUMES,
BOYS!

NOTHING DAUNTED, THE TWO DARING
HEROES RACE UP THE TEMPLE STEPS AND...



YEAH, WE'RE
GOING TO A
MASQUERADE!



JAP TANK ROARS UP TO THE
TEMPLE DOOR!



CAPTAIN
AMERICA!
WHERE
HE GO?

HE WENT
THAT WAY!



BOY, WAS
HE FOOLED!



WHILE
THE
JAP
CONTINUES
HIS
FUTILE
SEARCH,
CAP
AND
BUCKY
LEAP
INTO
THE NOW
EMPTY TANK
AND
TEAR
THRU
THE
CITY!

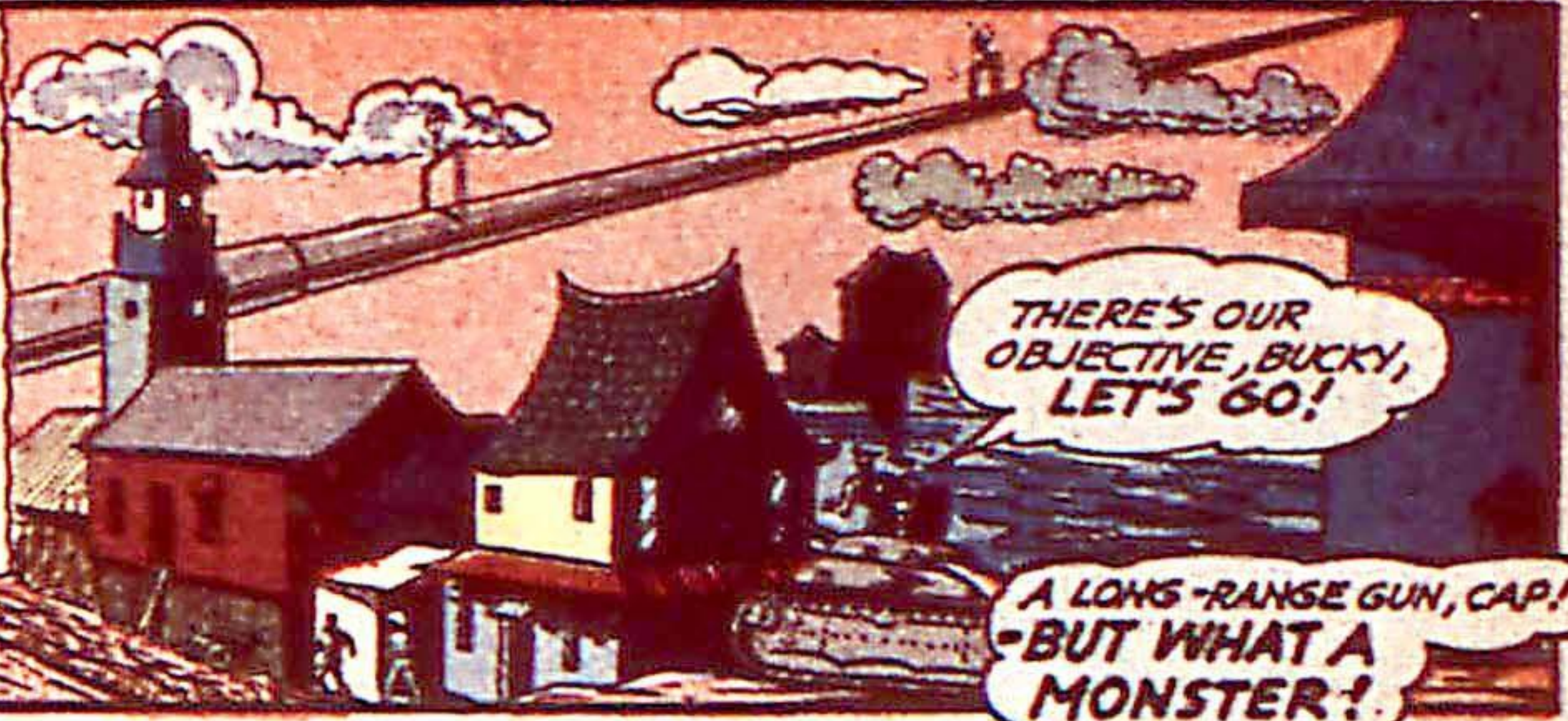
WOW! WILL WE
RIP YOKAHAMA
APART WITH
THIS BABY!



CAP!
L-LOOK
UP
THERE!

SUDDENLY...

BEFORE CAP AND BUCKY'S AWE-STRUCK EYES LOOMS UP THE HORRIBLE MENACE TO AMERICA...THE PAW'S LONG RANGE GUN...THE HUGEST MONSTER OF DESTRUCTION EVER TO BE UNLEASHED UPON THE WORLD BY THE POWER-MAD MIKADO!



THERE'S OUR OBJECTIVE, BUCKY, LET'S GO!

A LONG-RANGE GUN, CAP! -BUT WHAT A MONSTER!

DOWN GO THE WALLS OF JERICO!

IT TAKES MORE THAN A STONE WALL TO STOP THE FIGHTING-MAD FRIENDS!



RAT RAT TAT TAT TAT

CAP AND BUCKY LEAP FROM THE TANK AND RACE TOWARD A WEIRD-LOOKING BUILDING—

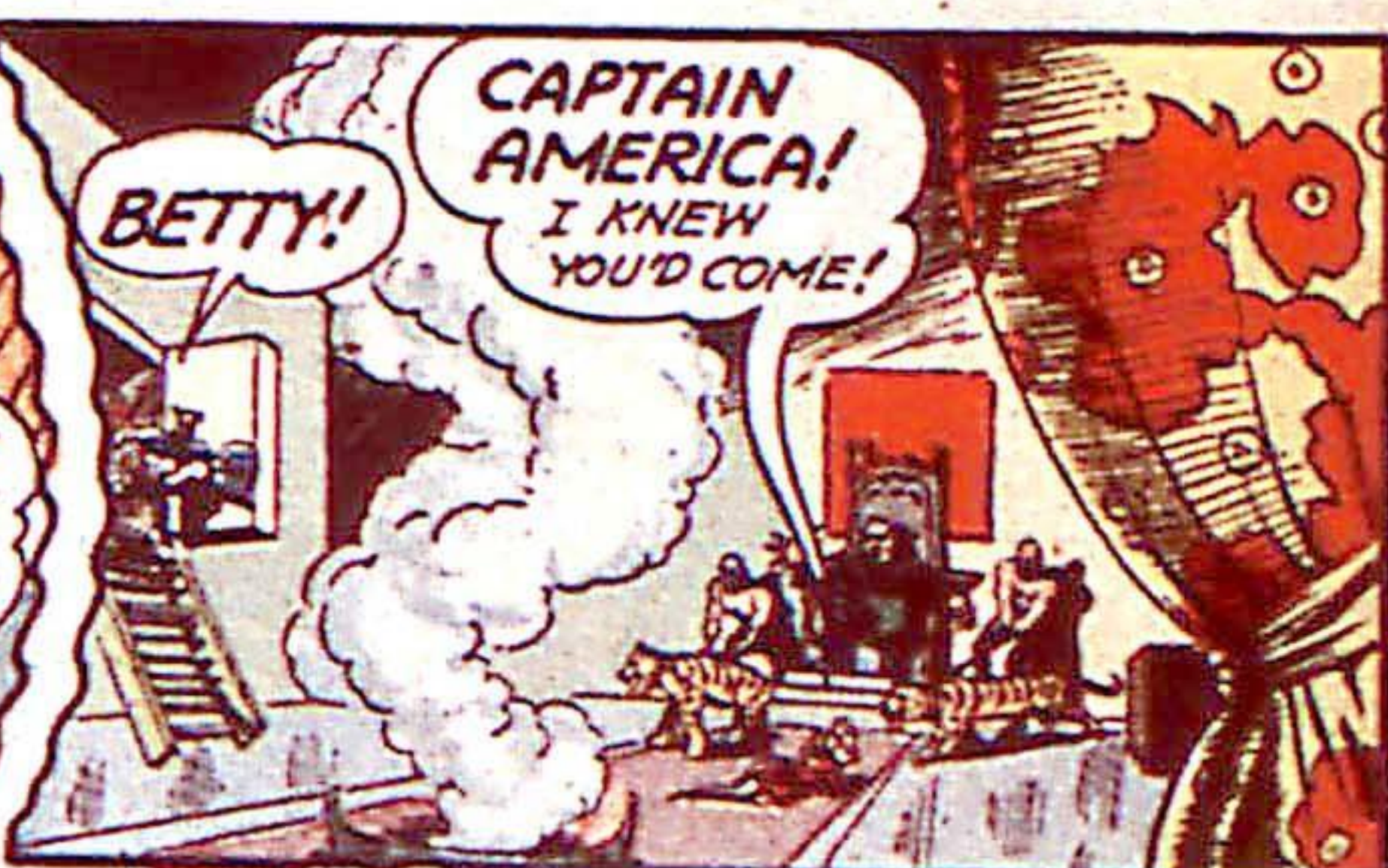
THIS LOOKS LIKE THE PLACE!



THERE'S THE DOOR AHEAD, BUCKY!

BETTY!

CAPTAIN AMERICA! I KNEW YOU'D COME!



A-A-A-H-CAPTAIN AMERICA, EH?

YOU ARRIVED SOONER THAN I EXPECTED!

BUT—

YOU WILL NEVER LEAVE MY CHAMBER!

CAP AND BUCKY ARE AT LAST FACE TO FACE WITH THE DEADLY PAW!





MEANWHILE, BETTY ROSS, WHO HAS BEEN WATCHING THE STRUGGLE FROM NEARBY, TRIES TO WARN THEM OF A NEW DANGER... BUT—

WITH A HUGE MACE THE SINISTER PAW HITS CAPTAIN AMERICA BEHIND THE HEAD!

CAP! BUCKY! LOOK OUT!

I GOT THE KID!

FOOLS! NO ONE OUTWITS PAW! BIND THEM!

AND...

BEFORE I DISPOSE OF YOU, ALLOW ME TO SHOW YOU THE GUN THAT IS DESTROYING AMERICA!

WE'RE IN A TOUGH SPOT, CAP!

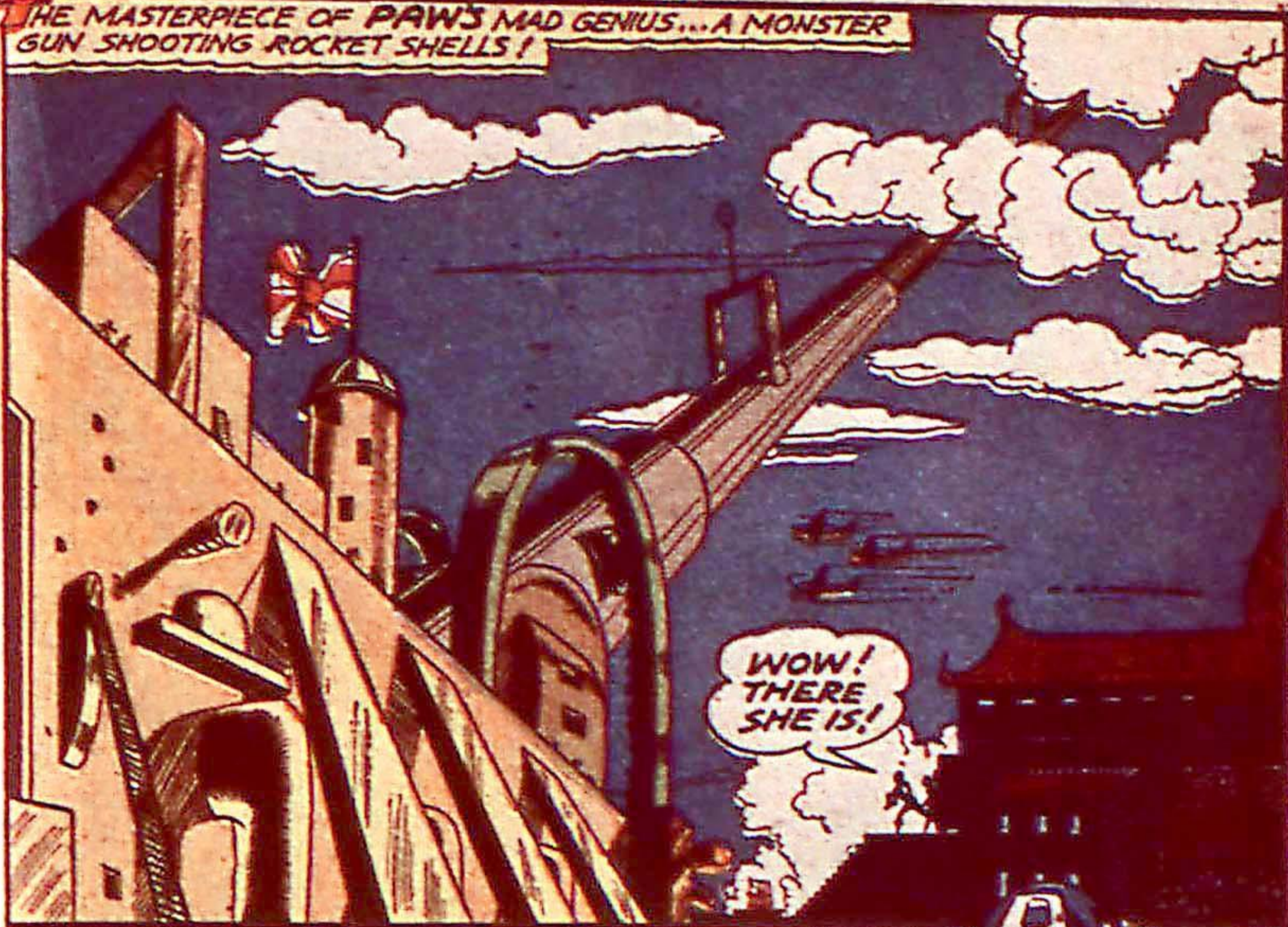
YEAH, BUT AMERICA HAS BEEN IN TOUGH SPOTS BEFORE!

WHEN CAP AND BUCKY FINALLY RECOVER...

YOU WILL BE THE ONLY AMERICANS EVER TO SEE JAPAN'S MIGHTIEST INVENTION!

AND NOW GENTLEMEN, MY GREAT-EST MASTER-PIECE!

THE MASTERPIECE OF PAW'S MAD GENIUS... A MONSTER GUN SHOOTING ROCKET SHELLS!





KEEP YOUR DISTANCE, PAW!
YOU'LL BE LOOSE IN A
SECOND BUCKY,
AND BETTY!

BUT THE JAPS OF THE GUN CHAMBER
RUSH AT THEM—A SNARLING
MASS OF HATE!

HERE
COMES
TROUBLE,
CAPTAIN!



I HATE TO DO
THIS, BUCKY,
BUT WAR IS
WAR!

RAT-TAT-
TAT-TAT-
TAT-TAT-
TAT-TAT-

RAT-TAT-
TAT-TAT-
RAT-TAT-
TAT-TAT-

RAT-TAT-
TAT-TAT-
TAT-TAT-

RAT-TAT-
TAT-TAT-



YOU DIE,
ANYWAY!

NOT JUST YET,
GRISLEY-PUSS!



HERE, PAW! NOW
YOU'D BETTER GO
JOIN MAW, PAW!

WHILE BUCKY IS BUSY WITH PAW,
CAPTAIN AMERICA SETS A TWO
MINUTE TIME FUSE ON ONE OF THE
ROCKETS...



CMON, YOU TWO! IN TWO MINUTES THIS WHOLE PLACE WILL BE A JUNK YARD!

BUT CAP! THAT'LL BLOW US ALL UP!

HERE COME MORE JAPS, WE'RE TRAPPED!



FOLLOW ME, WE'LL TAKE A STROLL UP THIS BARREL!

MOVE FAST! IN LESS THAN TWO MINUTES COMES THE FIREWORKS!

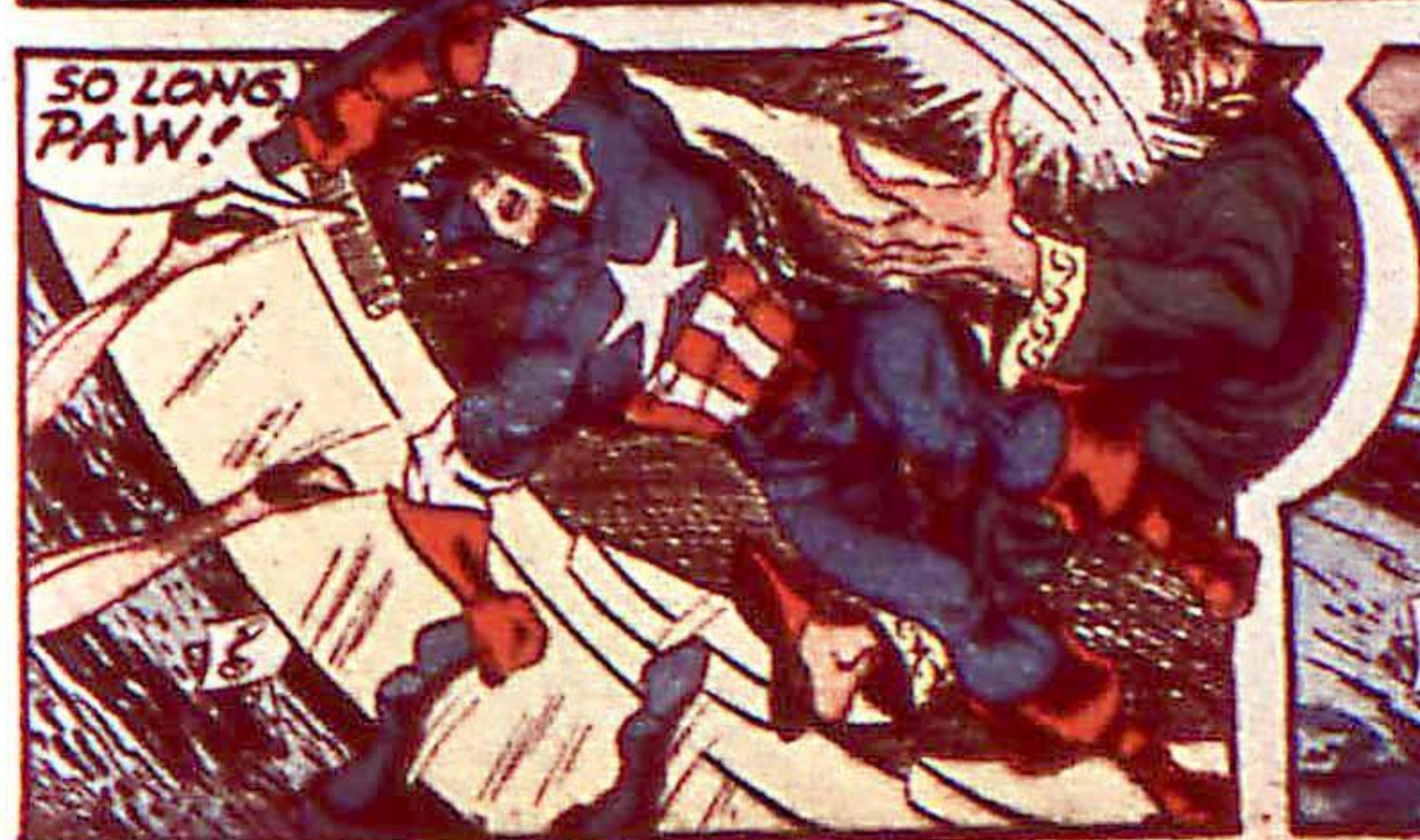
CAP, THE PAW IS STILL AFTER US!



AS BETTY, CAP AND BUCKY REACH THE END OF THE GUN MUZZLE THE PAW OVERTAKES THEM!

YOU'RE NOT GETTING AWAY THIS TIME!

JUMP, BETTY AND BUCKY!



SO LONG, PAW!



HALF A MINUTE TO GO!
SWIM FOR THAT
SEA PLANE!



SWEET OF THEM
TO HAVE A PLANE
HANDY FOR US!



TWO SECONDS
TO GO!

I HOPE IT
DOESN'T
SMASH
THE
PLANE!



HERE IT
COMES!



THE END OF A
MADMAN'S
DREAM!

YES, AND THE END
OF THE MADMAN
'HIMSELF!

IT WON'T BE LONG
BEFORE AMERICA
WILL RETURN
TO JAPAN IN
A MUCH GREATER
FORCE, EH, CAP?



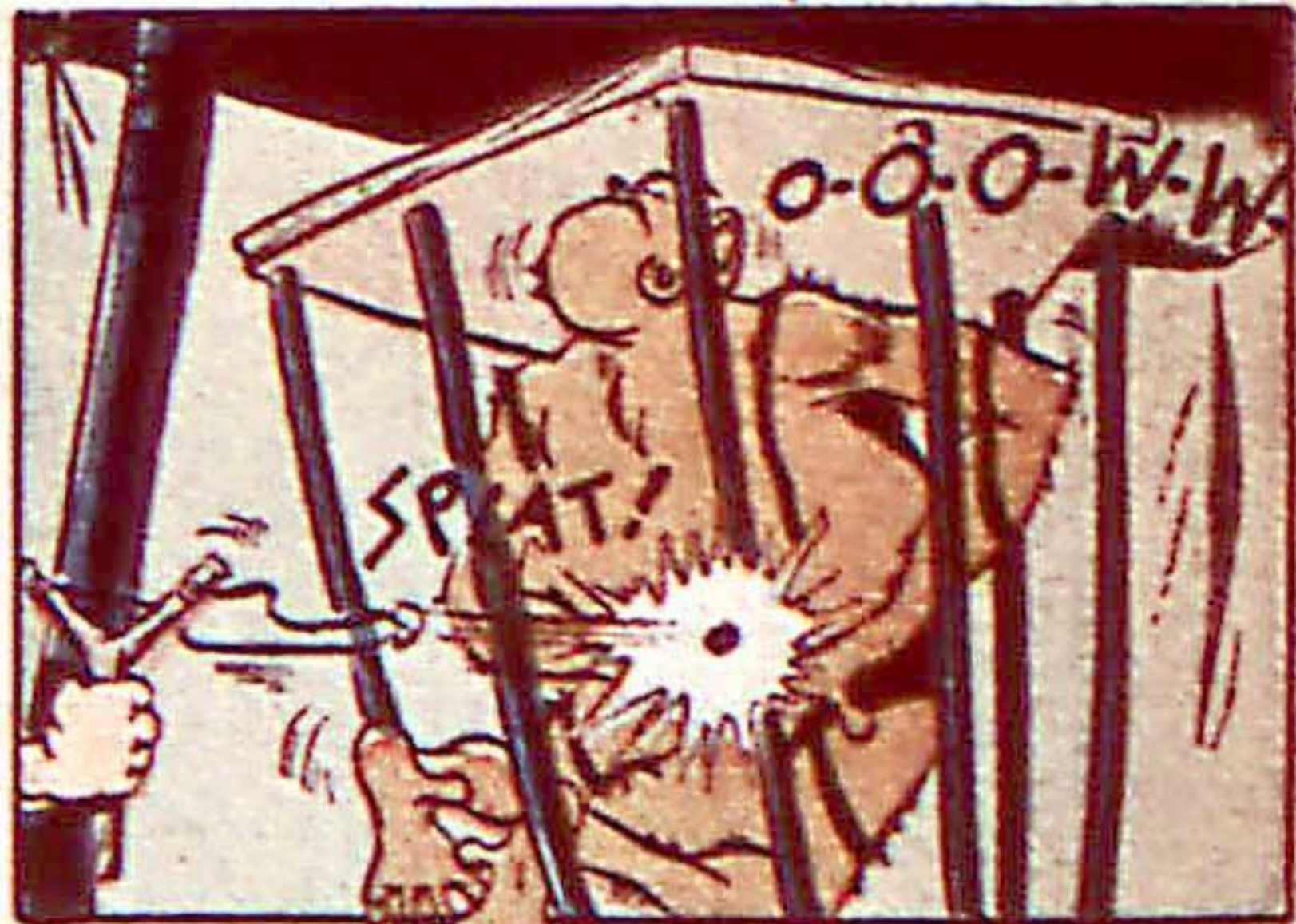
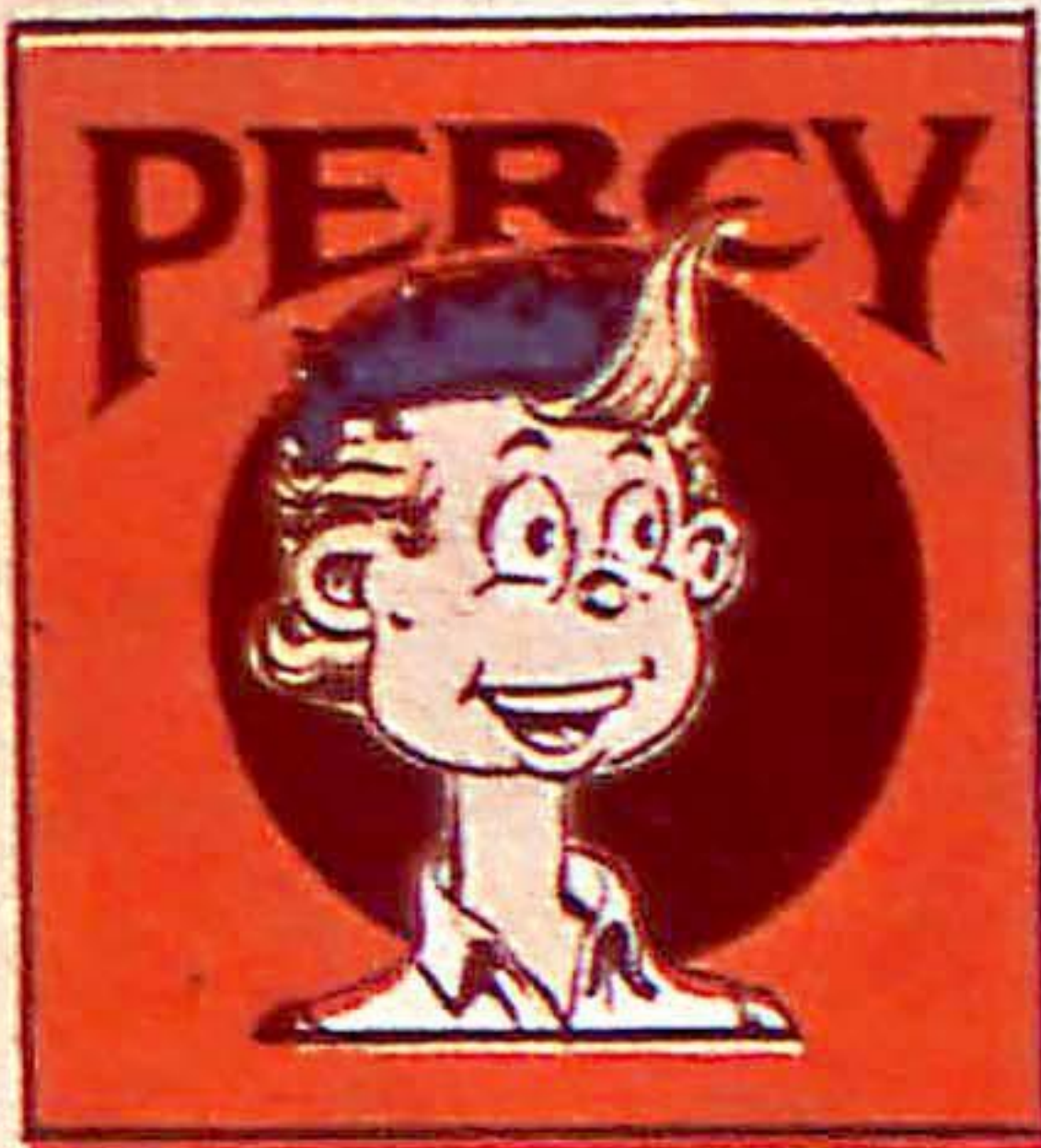
The End-

WATCH
FOR

TERRY
TOONS

ON SALE JULY 1

COMICS



MARVEL

COMICS

LINE UP OF THRILLS!



HUMAN TORCH
SUB-MARINER
ANGEL



TERRY VANCE
JIMMY JUPITER
PATRIOT
VISION



Every month

THE FIGHTING FOOL!



THE FAMED ANZACS OF AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND HAVE MADE A MARK FOR THEMSELVES IN THE ANNALS OF WORLD WARFARE! EVER HAVE THEY FOUGHT AGAINST TRIUMPH AND OPPRESSION! THIS IS THE STORY OF WADE HUSTON, A FIGHTING ANZAC WITH A SINGLE PURPOSE, THAT IS, TO COMBAT THE NAZI EVIL WHEREVER HE MAY ENCOUNTER IT IN THE WORLD!

OUR STORY BEGINS AT THE GENERAL HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE ANZAC ARMY...

HUSTON, MY REPORT SAYS YOU WERE SHOT IN BOTH LUNGS DURING THE LAST ENCOUNTER WITH THE ENEMY!

YES, SIR... BUT I'M QUITE ALL RIGHT NOW!

I'M SORRY, HUSTON, BUT BECAUSE OF THE SERIOUS NATURE OF YOUR INJURY, I AM FORCED TO RETIRE YOU FROM ACTIVE SERVICE WITH THE ANZAC ARMY!



MY LUNGS MAY BE PLAYED OUT, BUT NOT MY HATRED OF NAZISM! I CAN'T STOP FIGHTING NOW!

THE RETIRED ANZAC WALKS TO THE WATERFRONT AND....

THAT SHIP IS GOING TO AMERICA! THE LAST STRONGHOLD OF DECENCY IN THE WORLD! THE ARSENAL OF DEMOCRACY!



AND THE NAZI FIFTH COLUMNISTS ARE TRYING TO RAVAGE THAT COUNTRY, TOO! MY MIND IS MADE UP! I'LL GO TO AMERICA AND FIGHT THE NAZIS MY OWN WAY!

SO THE BOAT FOR AMERICA TAKES ON ANOTHER PASSENGER...

BEYOND THE HORIZON LIES AMERICA, WHERE I WILL CONTINUE MY BATTLE AGAINST BARBARISM AND MURDER!



SUDDENLY...

MAN OVERBOARD!

WHA...

HELP!

KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON!

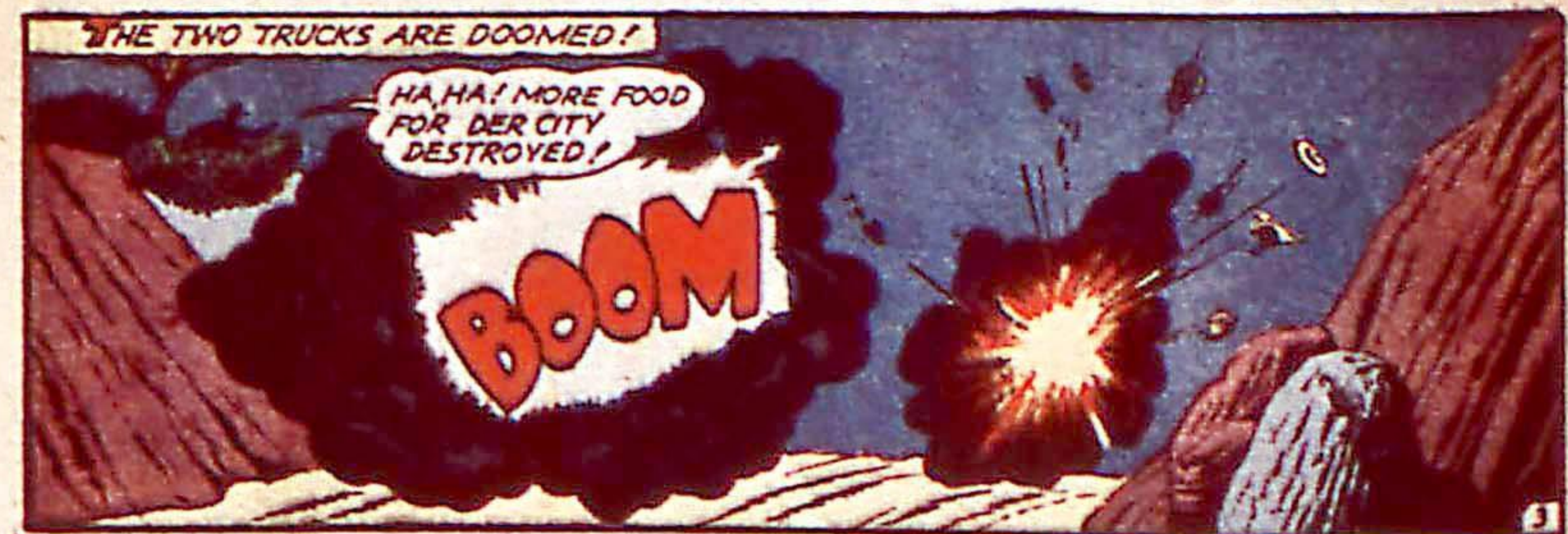
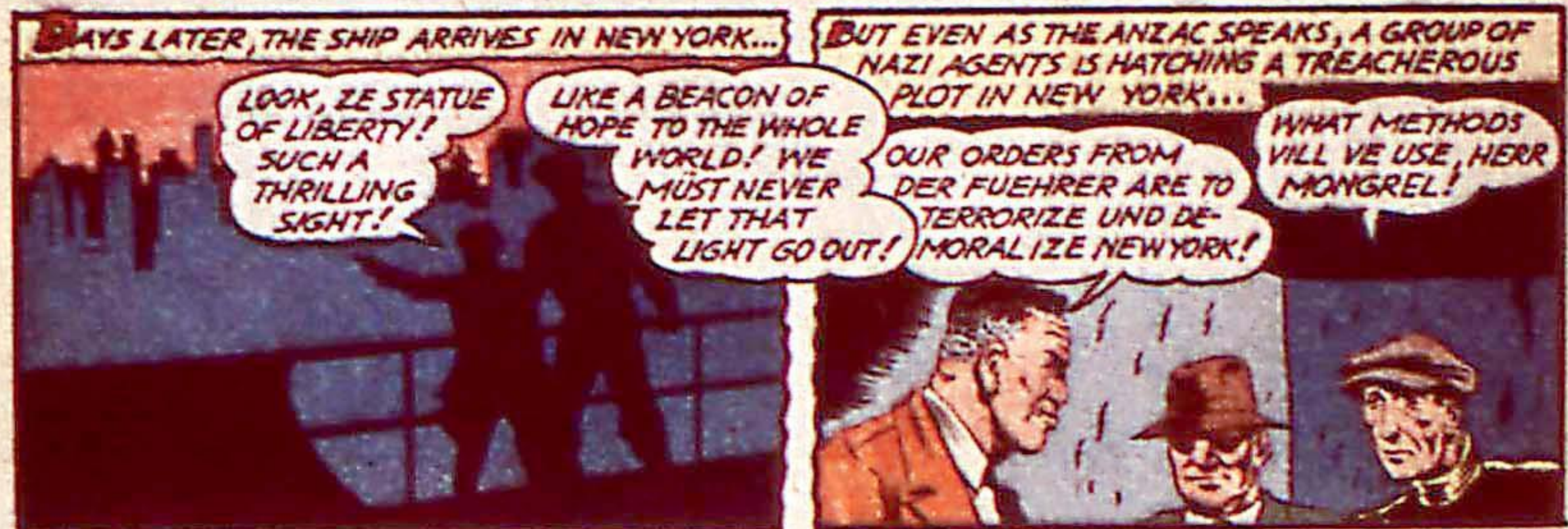


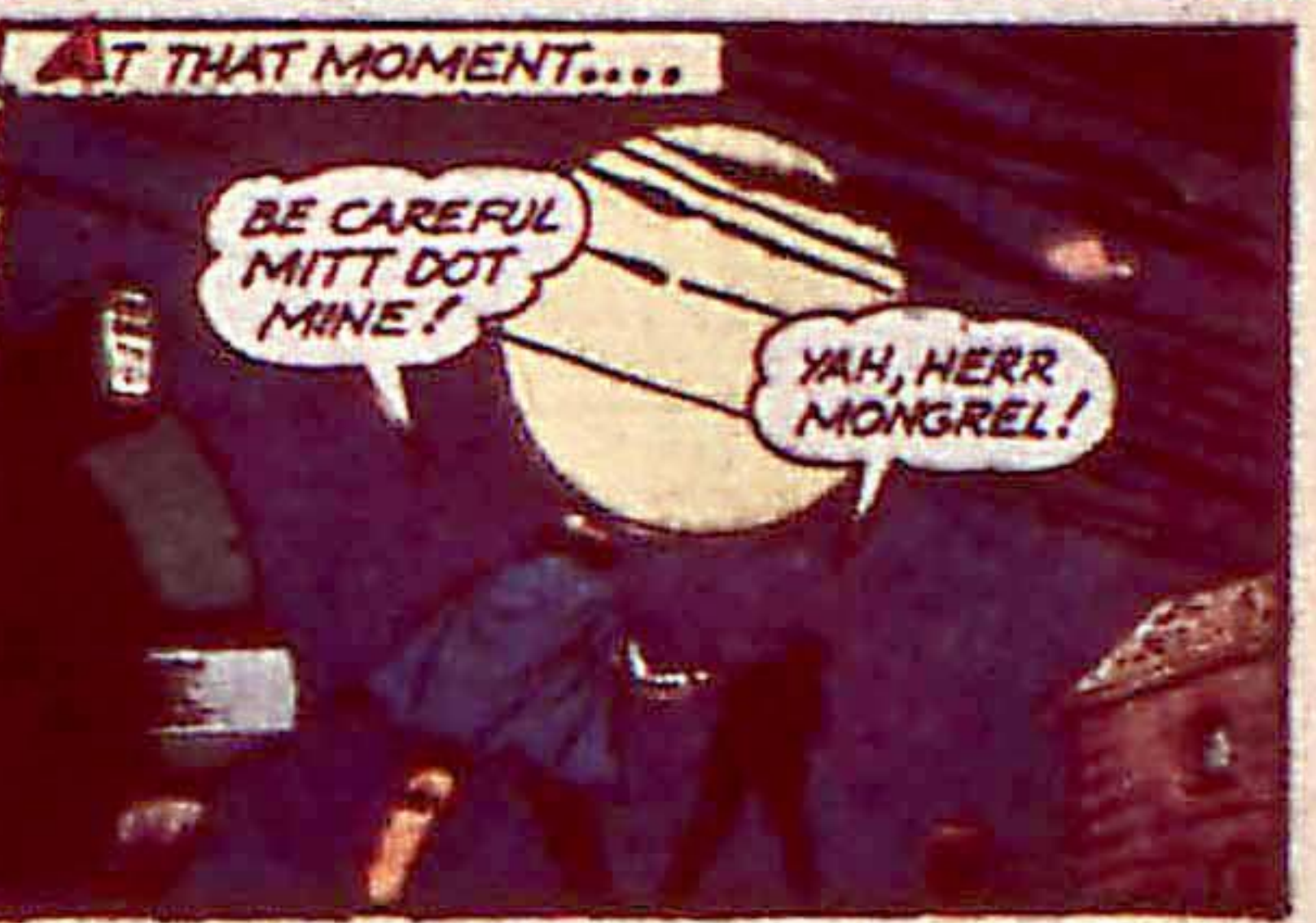
YOU'RE O.K. NOW... HOW DID IT HAPPEN?

(SPUTTER!) I LEANED TOO FAR OVER ZE RAIL AND FELL IN!

ALLOW ME TO IN-TRA-DUZE MYSELF! I AM NAPOLEON SACK OF ZE FREE-FRENCH ARMY!

WADE HUSTON, FORMERLY OF THE ANZACS, AT YOUR SERVICE! GLAD TO KNOW YOU, NAP!

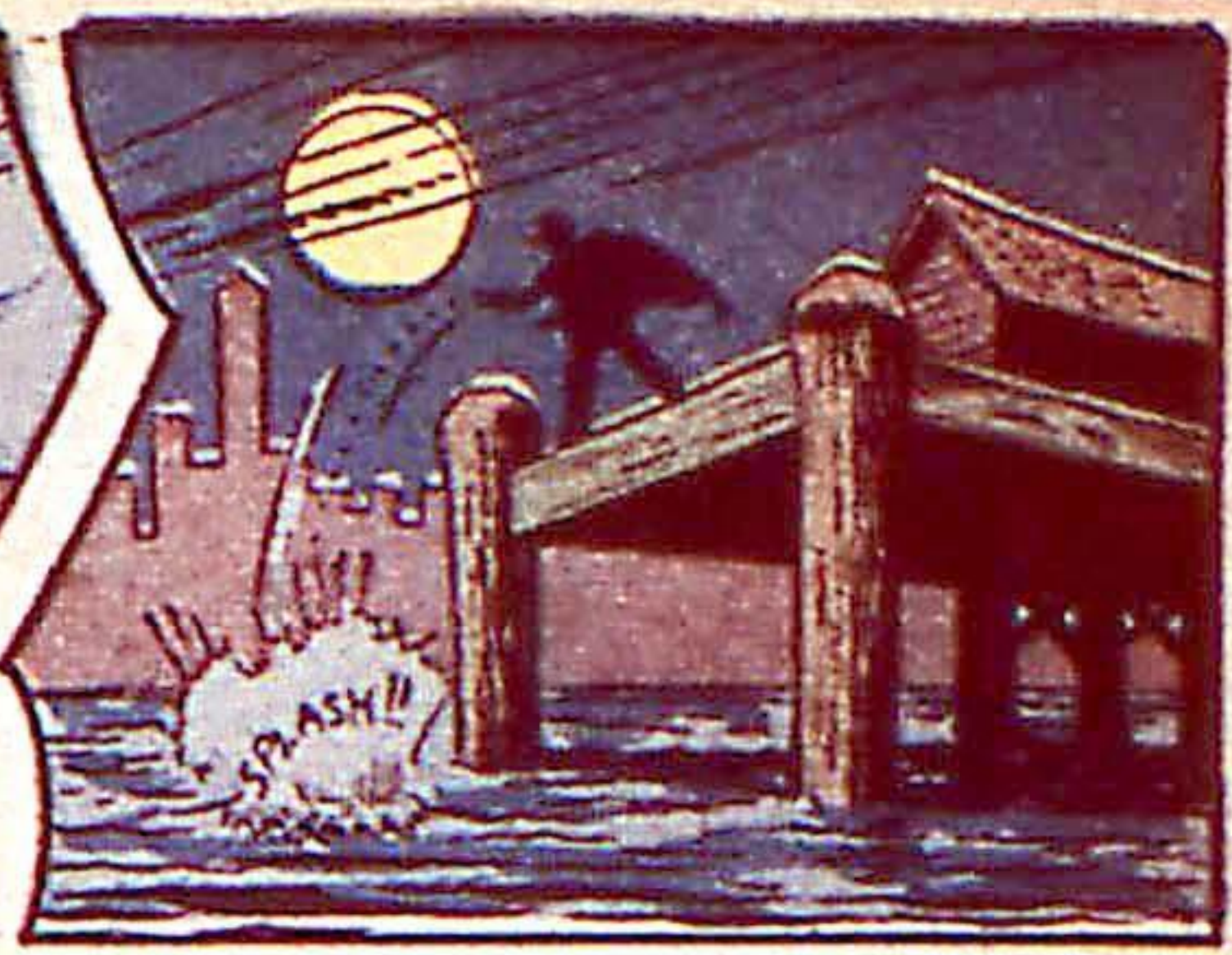




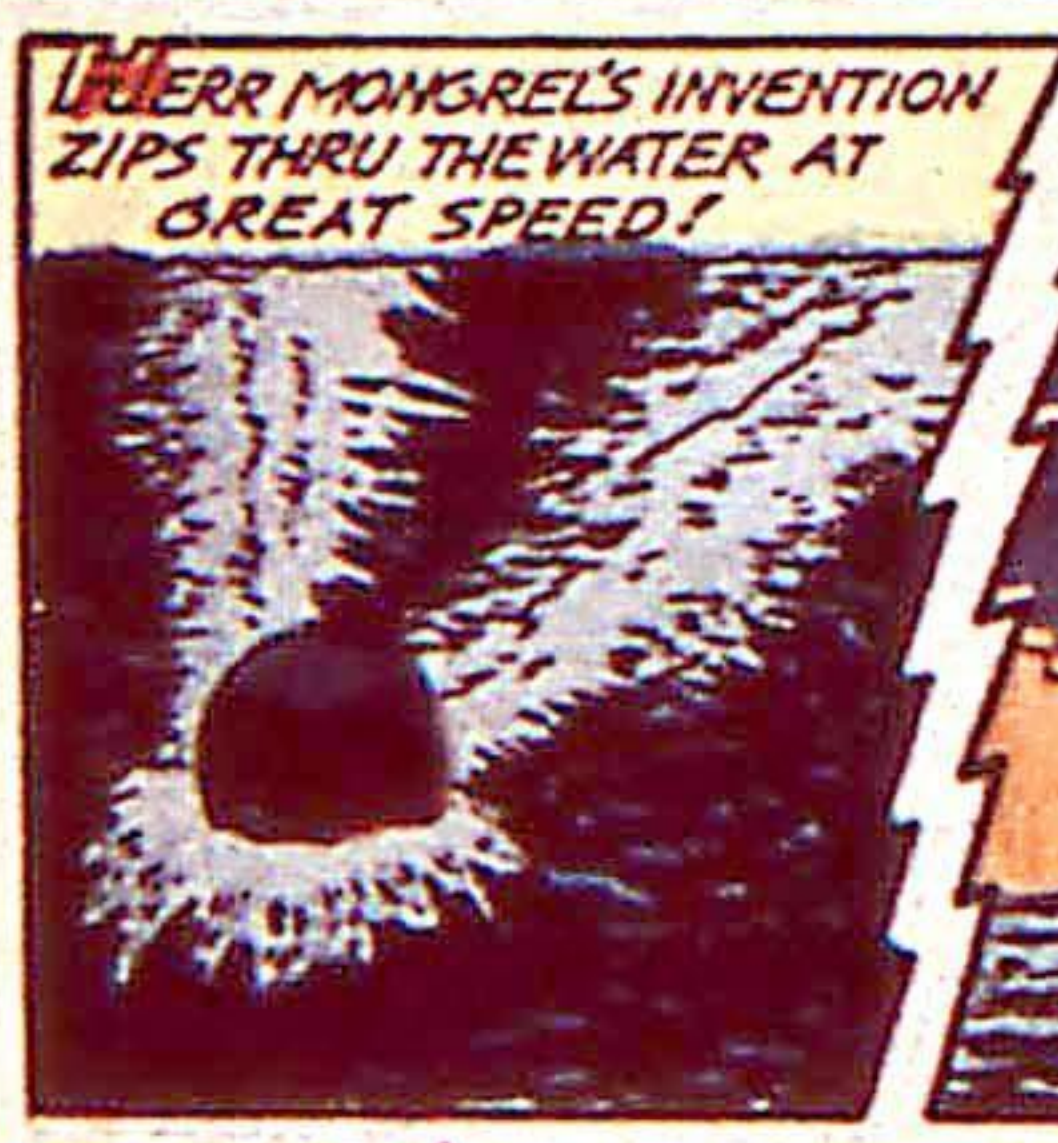


DERE ISS A BIG SHIP OUT DERE! VE TEST DIS FIRST MINE ON DOT!

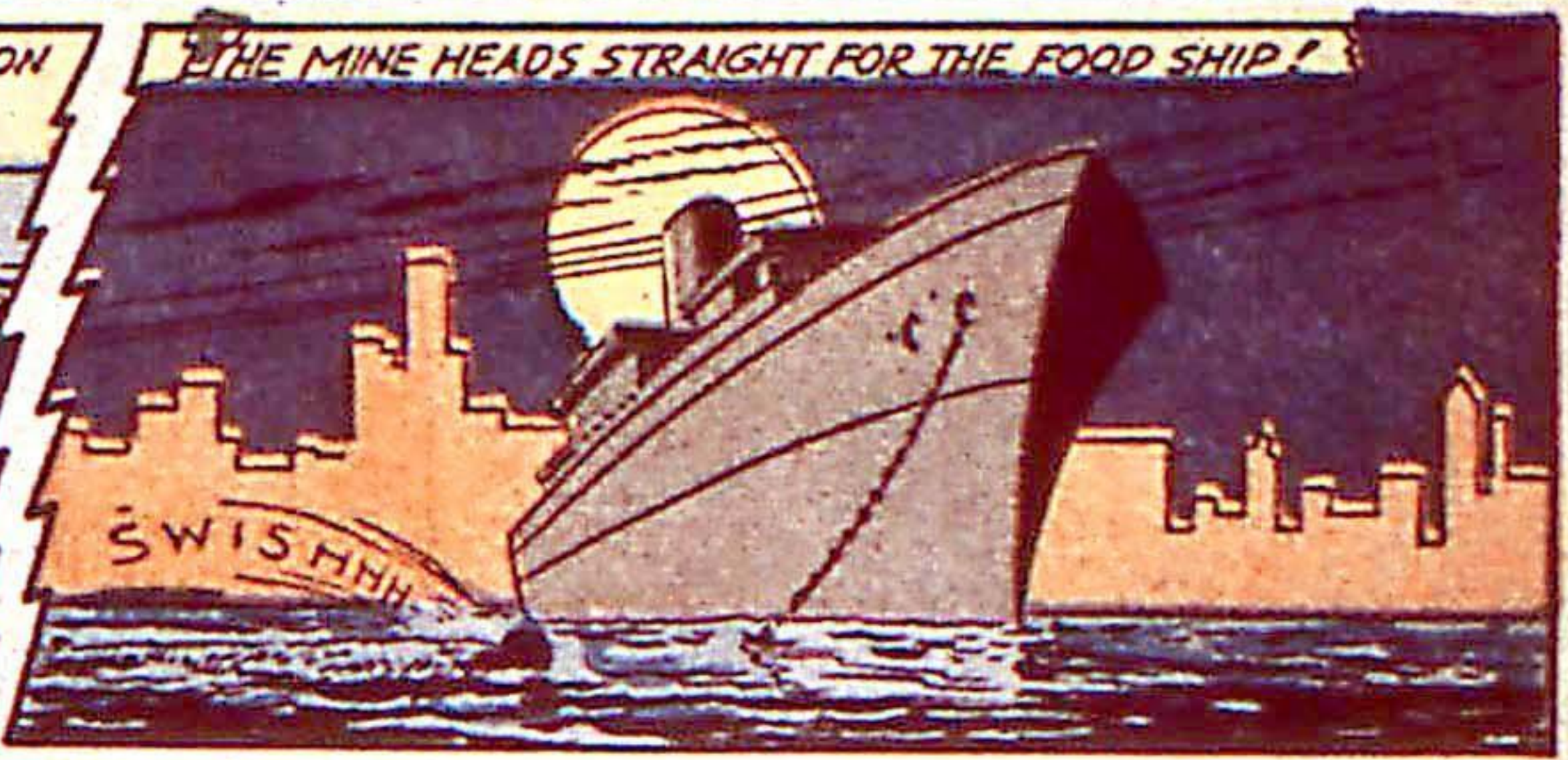
DER DIAL ISS ALL SET!



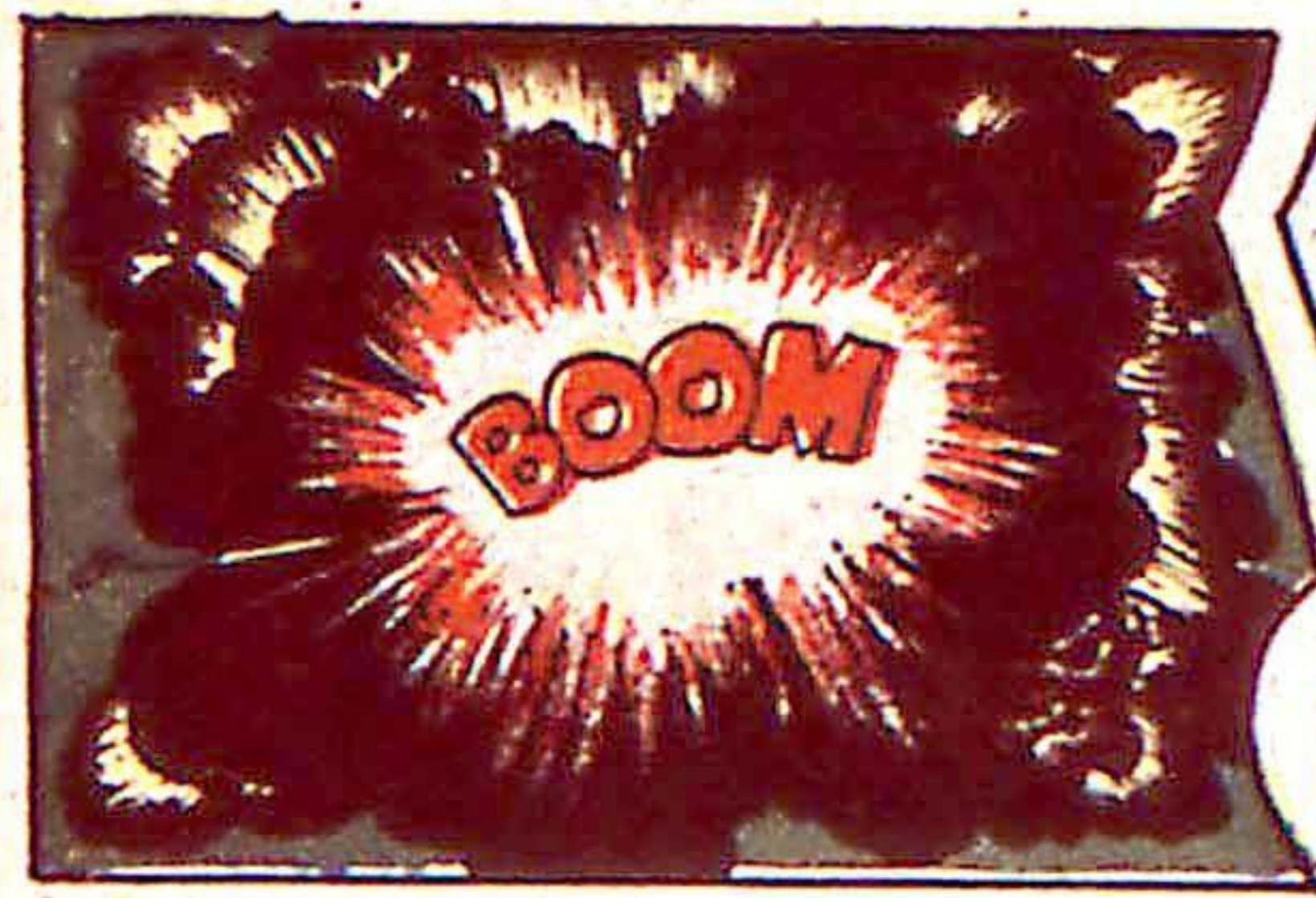
SPLASH!!



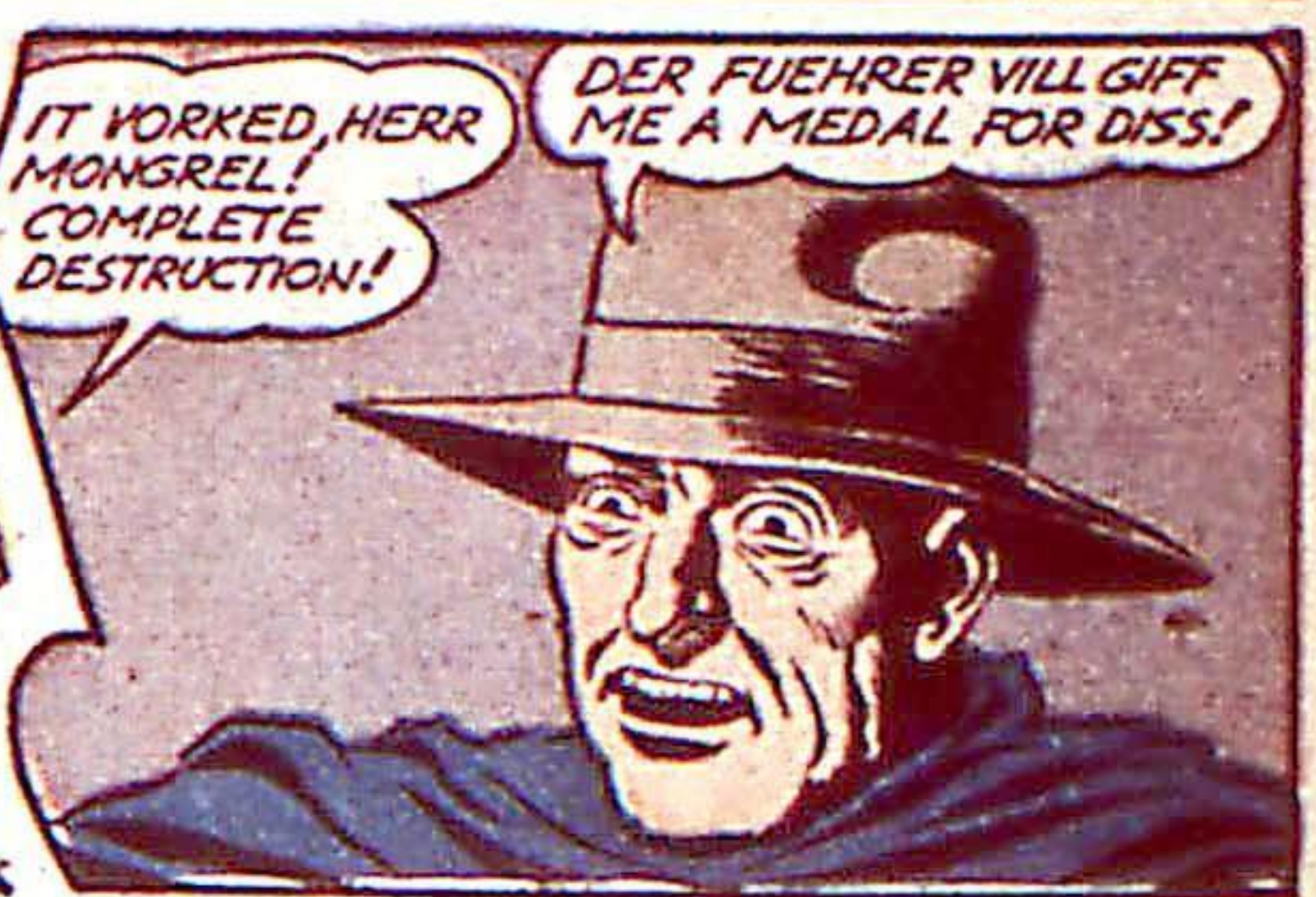
HERR MONGREL'S INVENTION ZIPS THRU THE WATER AT GREAT SPEED!



THE MINE HEADS STRAIGHT FOR THE FOOD SHIP!



BOOM



IT VORKED, HERR MONGREL! COMPLETE DESTRUCTION!

DER FUEHRER VILL GIFF ME A MEDAL FOR DISS!



BUT THE "FIGHTING FOOL" AND NAP SACK HAVE WITNESSED THE PLOT...

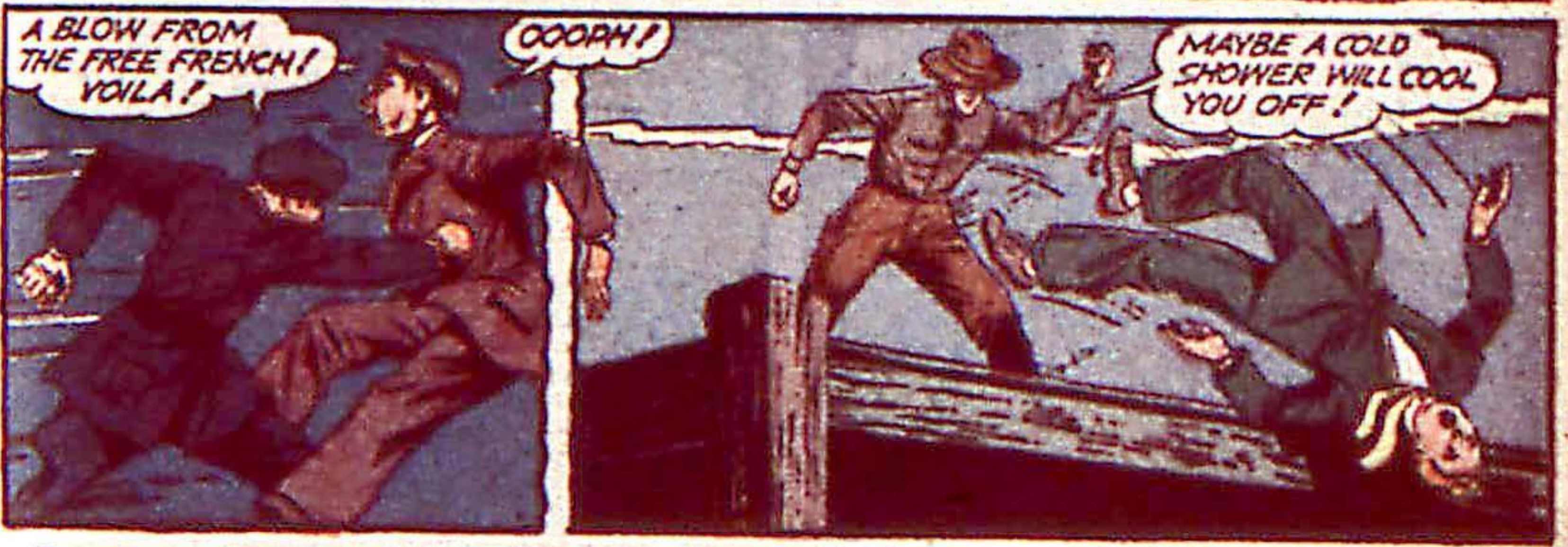
THOSE MEN ARE BEHIND THAT EXPLOSION! COME ON!

AT LAST, ACTION!



DEY SAW US! KILL DEM!

WOW! DUCK, NAPPIE!



AND OUTSIDE, MONGREL GIVES ORDERS FOR THE BIG BLOW TO THE FOOD SUPPLY SHIPS!

BRING ALL DER MINES FROM DER CAR! I MUST SET DER DIALS!

DEN GOODBYE SHIPS, HA HA!

THE ANZAC HAS FREED HIMSELF AND RELEASED HIS PAL, NAP!

THEY'RE READY TO DROP THE MINES INTO THE WATER!

WE GOT TO WORK FAST!

QUICK! INTO THEIR CAR, BUT DON'T LET THEM SEE YOU!

PUFF PUFF

GET READY TO JUMP OUT, NAP!

HIMMEL! DER CAR IS RUNNING AWAY!

THE ANZAC AND NAP LEAP AS THE CAR SPEEDS WILDLY UPON THE NAZIS AND THE MINES!

JUMP!

YEOWW! GET OUT OF DER VAY!

THE IMPACT OF THE CAR EXPLODES THE MINES AS THE NAZIS ARE TOO PANIC-STRICKEN TO RUN OUT OF THE WAY OF THE DEADLY VEHICLE!

BOOM

THE FIGHTING FOOL EXPLAINS THE WHOLE STORY TO THE POLICE!

AND MONGREL PLANNED THE DESTRUCTION OF ALL FOOD SUPPLIES COMING INTO NEW YORK!

GOOD WORK, ANZAC! AMERICA IS PROUD TO HAVE YOU AMONG US!

THE END

The NEW

TERRY TOONS

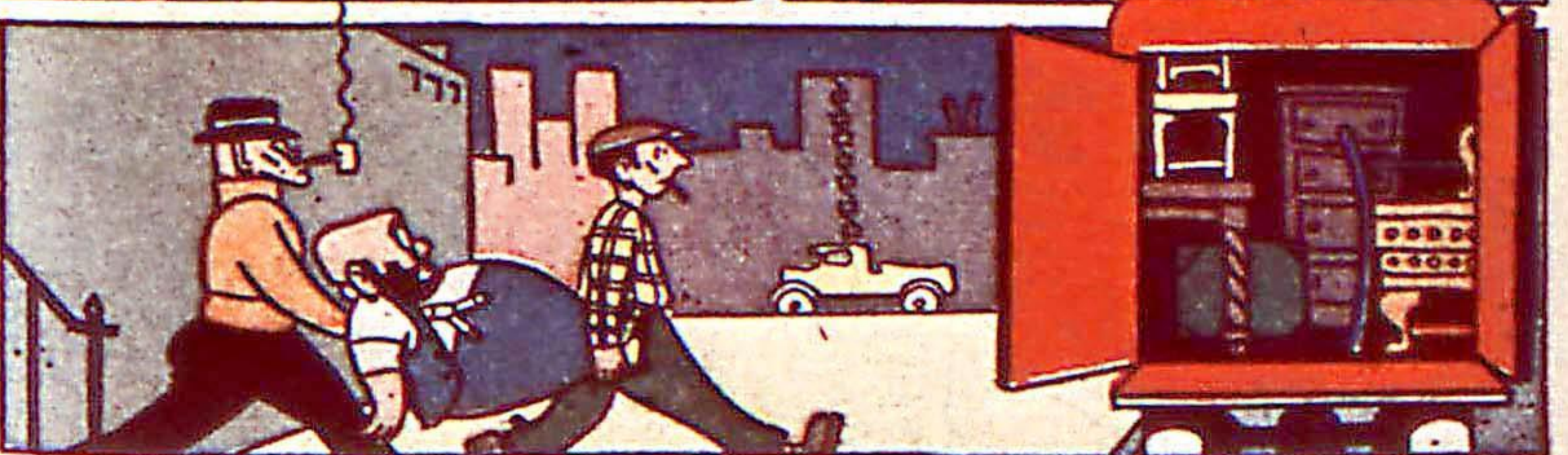
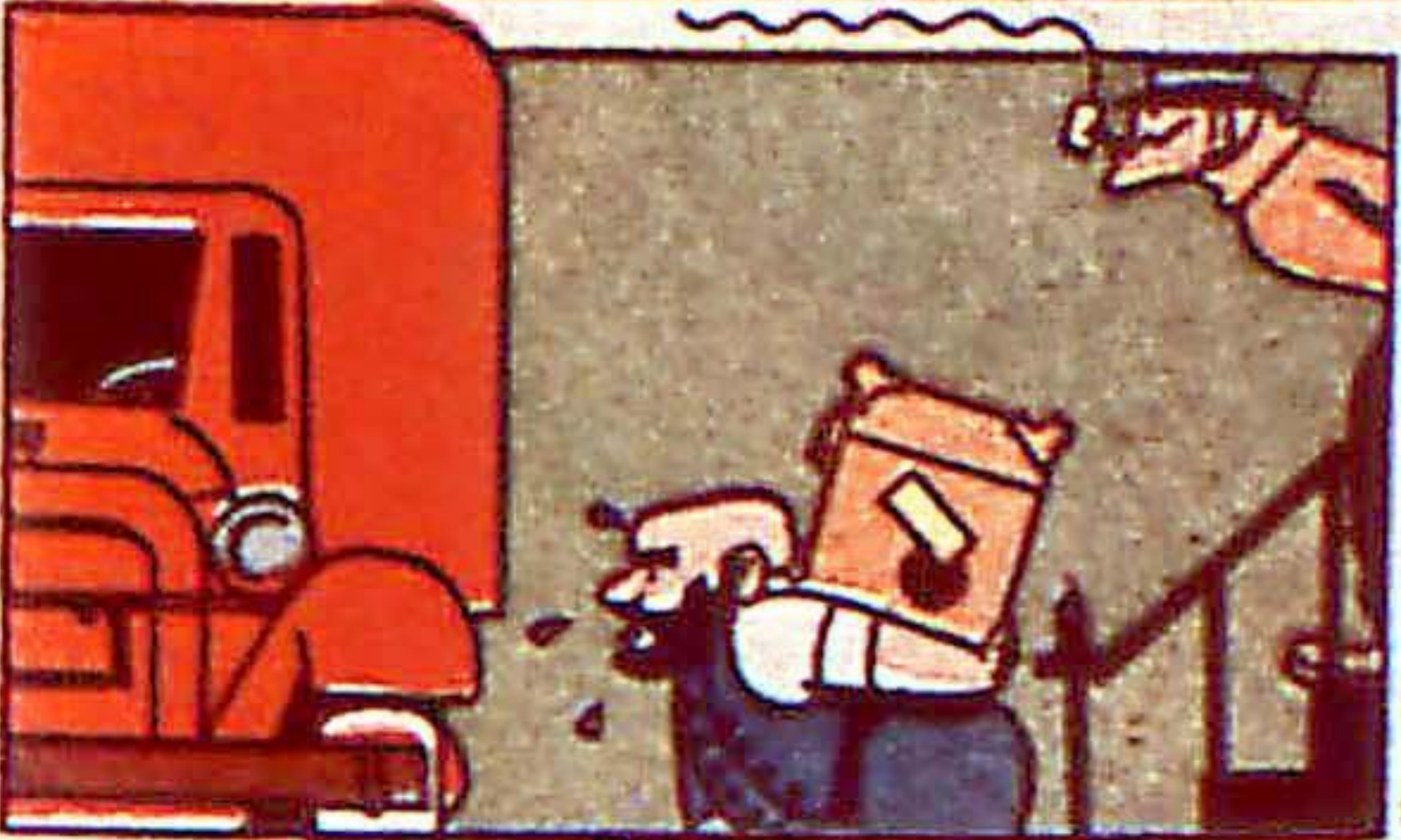
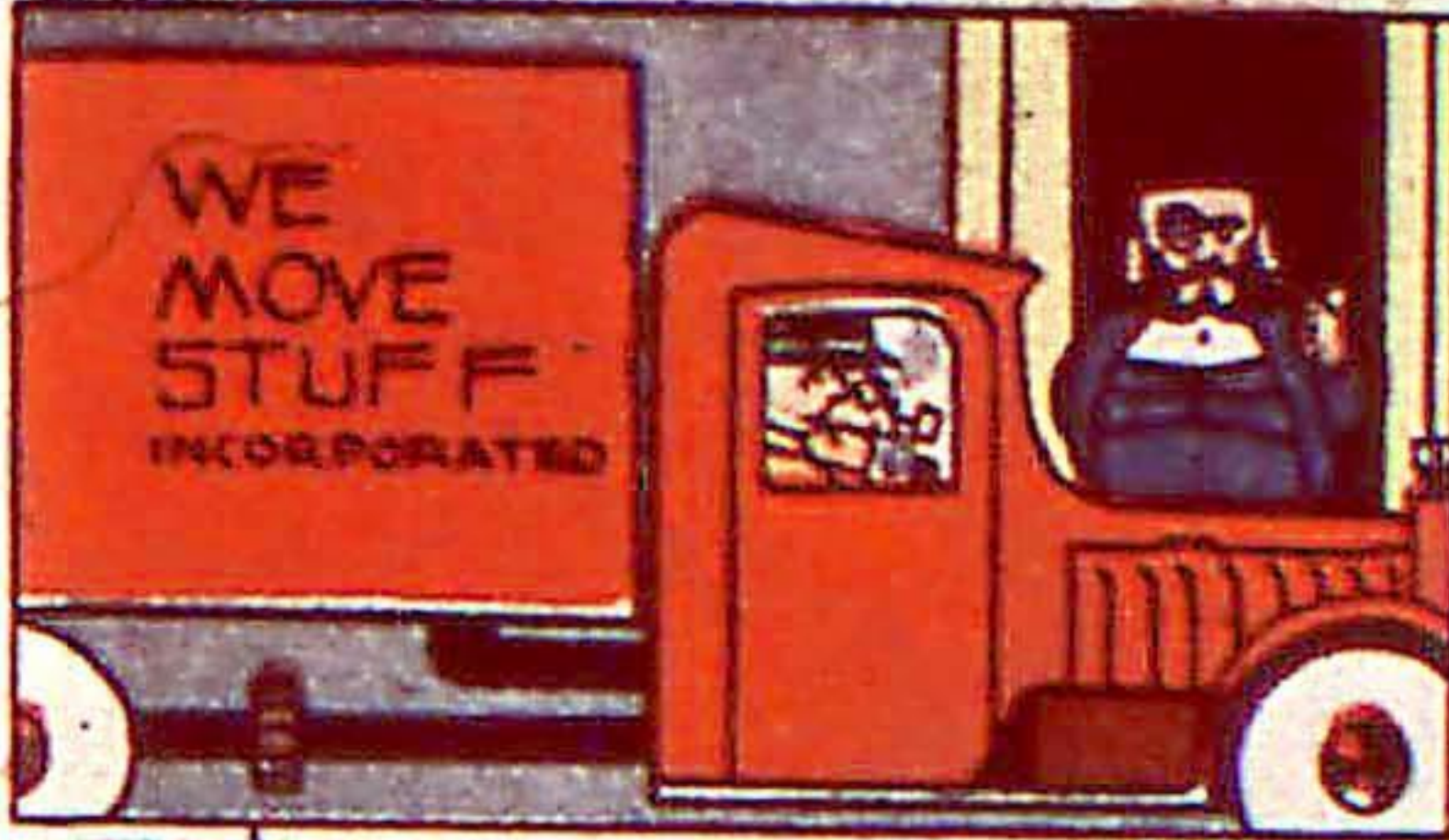
COMICS -
AS SENSATIONAL AS
KRAZY KOMICS!



57.

DIPPY DIPLOMAT

by Guy Blythe



THE SECRET



FOR DEFENSE

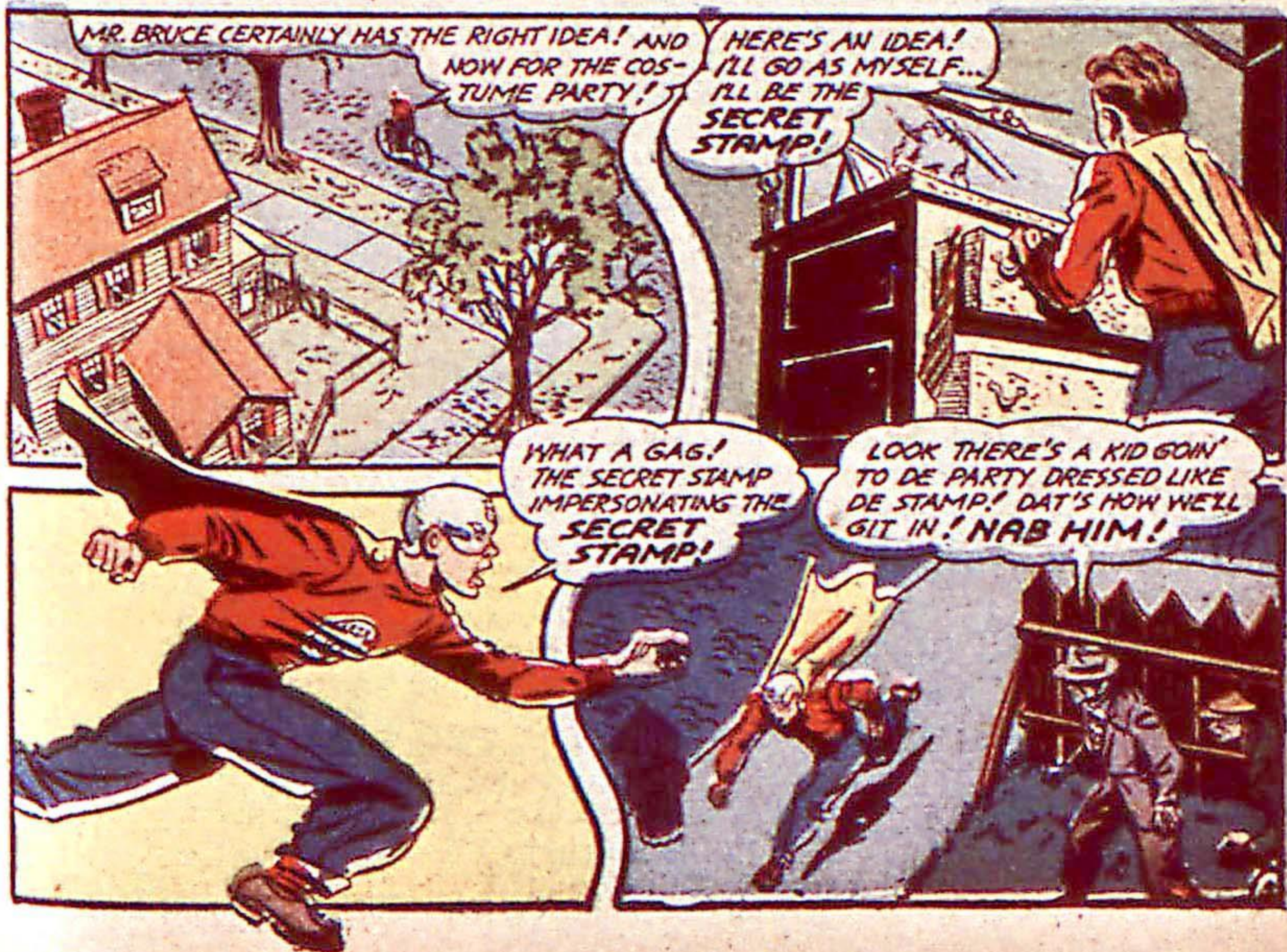
BUY
UNITED STATES
SAVINGS
BONDS
AND STAMPS

THE CASE OF THE "COSTUMED CROOK"

Starring
**RODDY COLT,
THE SECRET STAMP!**

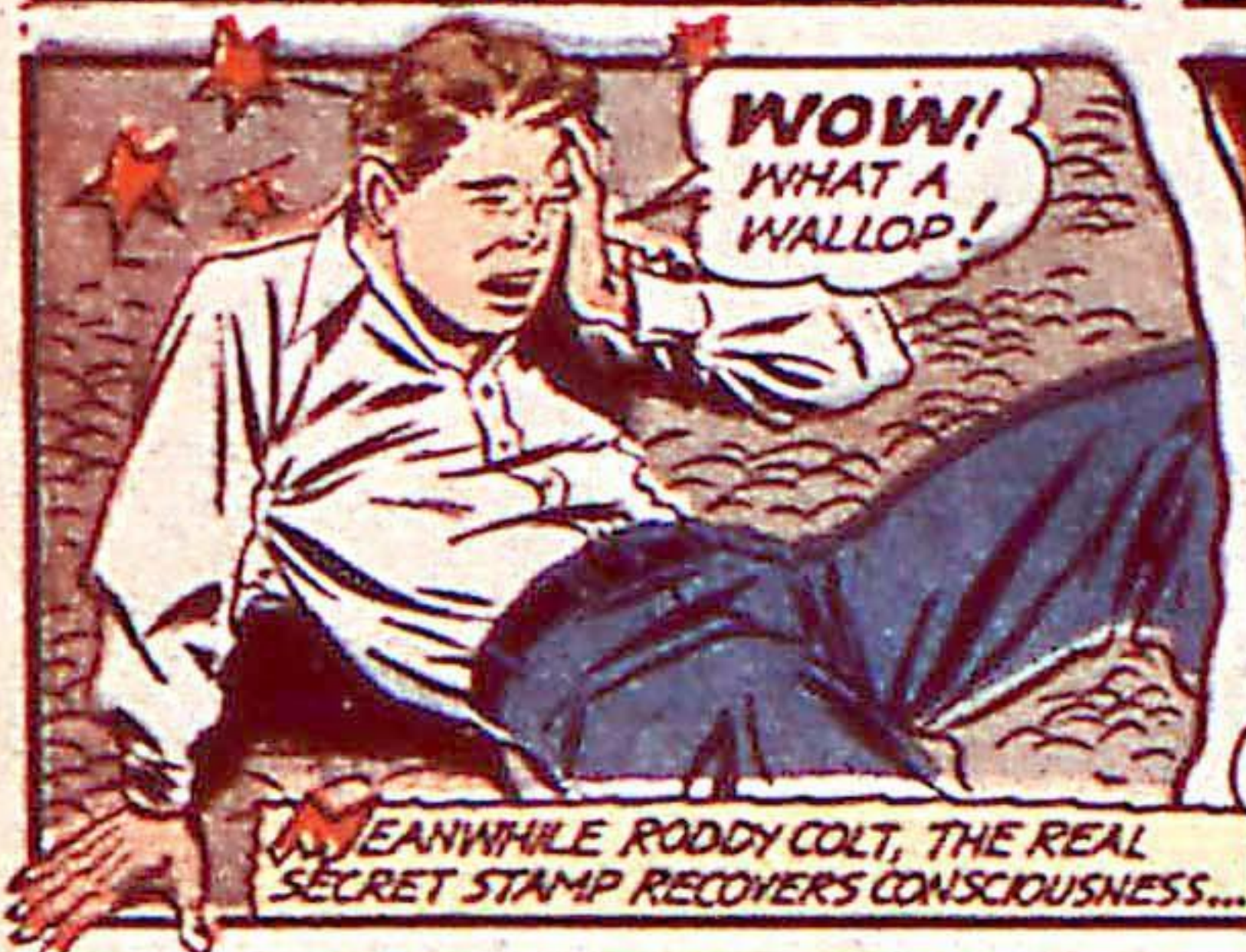


THE SECRET









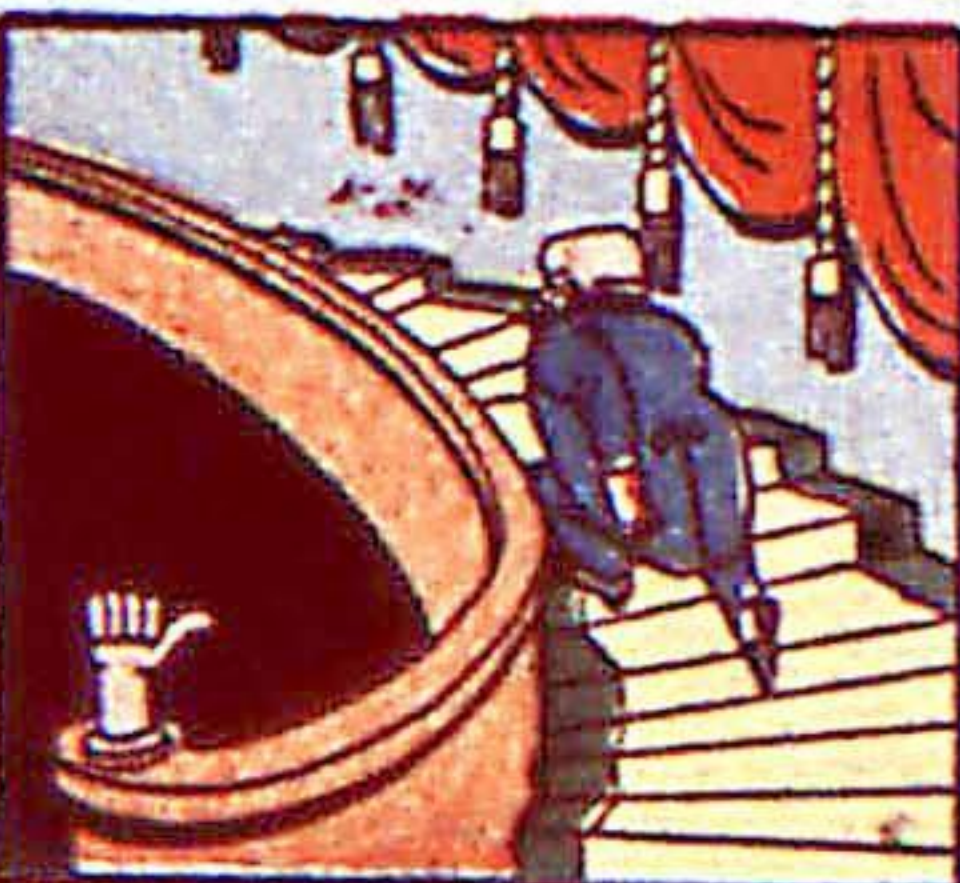
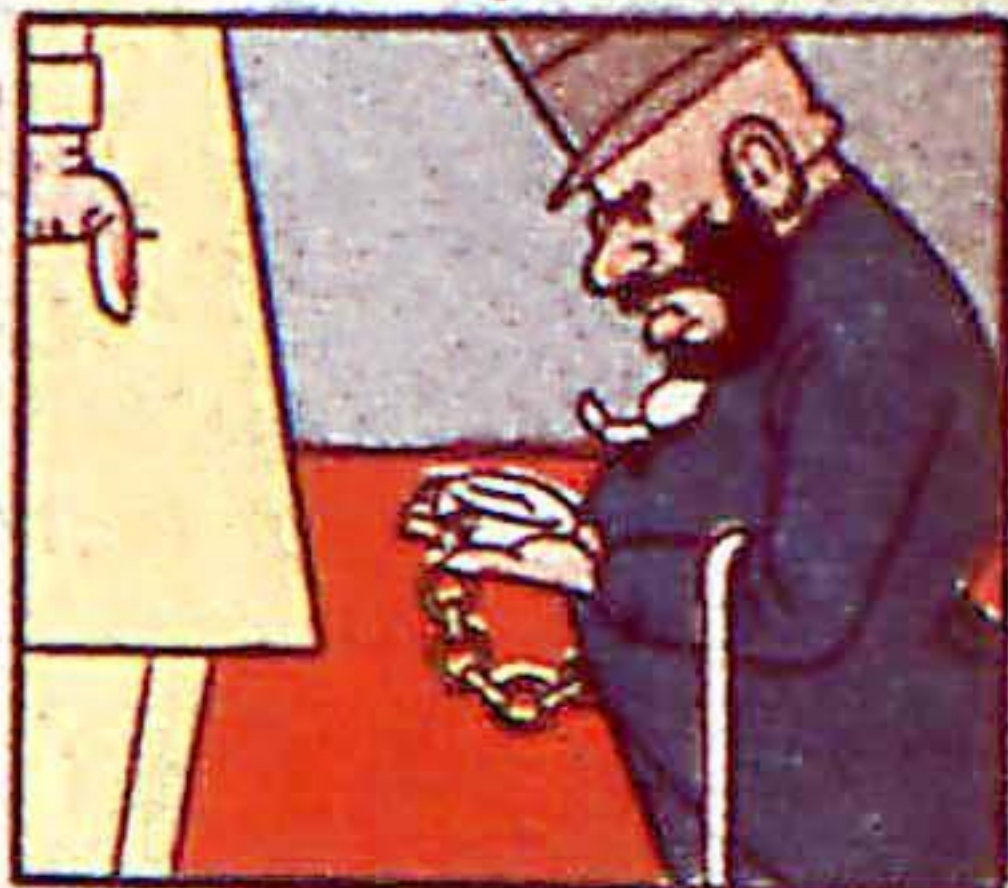
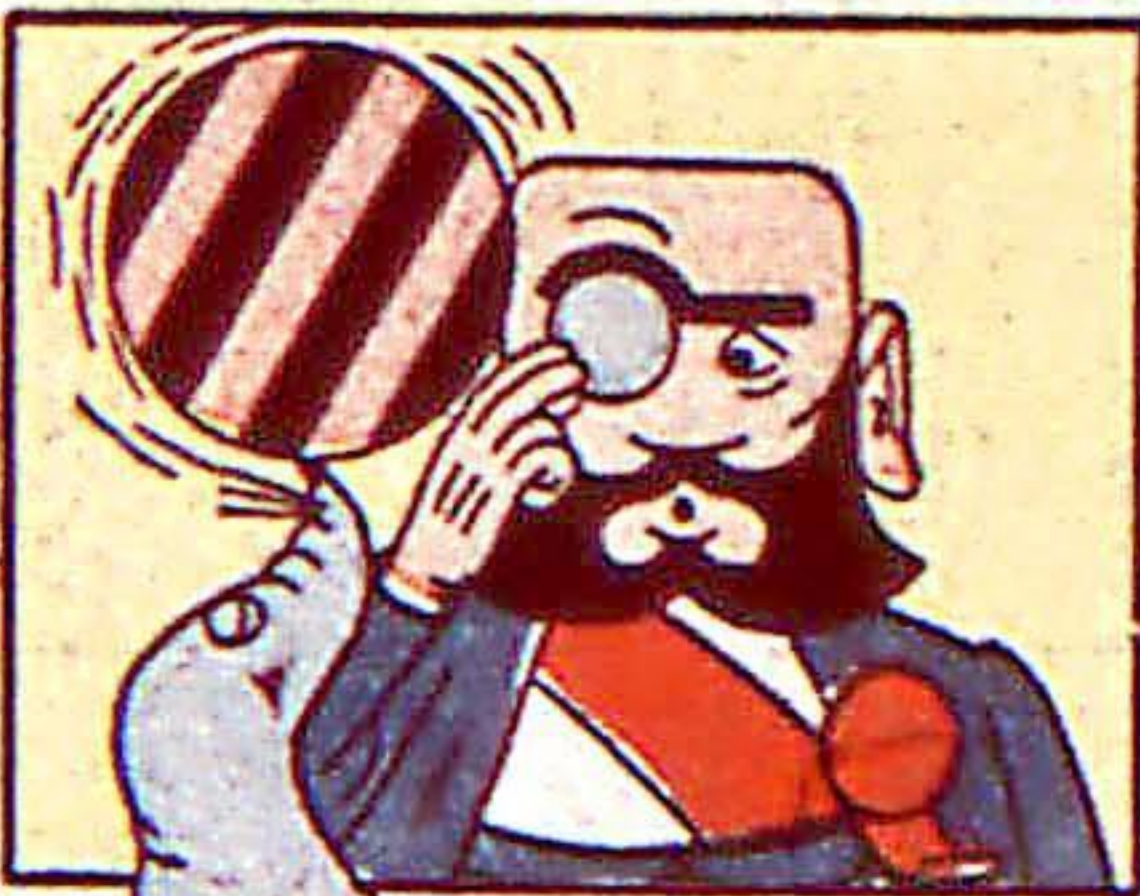




64.

DIPPY DIPLOMAT

by Guy Blythe



SENTINELS OF LIBERTY PAGE

BIG NEW CONTEST!



OUR CARELESS ARTIST HAS MADE MANY MISTAKES IN THIS PICTURE . . . FIND ALL YOU CAN AND MAKE A NEAT LIST OF THE ERRORS . . . **CAPTAIN AMERICA** WILL AWARD 50 ONE-DOLLAR PRIZES FOR THE 10 NEATEST AND MOST COMPLETE ANSWERS! HURRY AND SEND IN YOUR ENTRY!

YOUR ENTRY MUST BE POSTMARKED NOT LATER THAN AUGUST 1st!

WITH YOUR ENTRY . . . FILL OUT AND SEND THIS COUPON . . . YOUR ANSWERS WILL BE USED BY THE EDITOR TO HELP MAKE **CAPTAIN AMERICA COMICS** THE KIND OF MAGAZINE YOU WANT IT TO BE!

I WOULD LIKE CAPTAIN AMERICA COMICS BETTER IF...

NAME _____

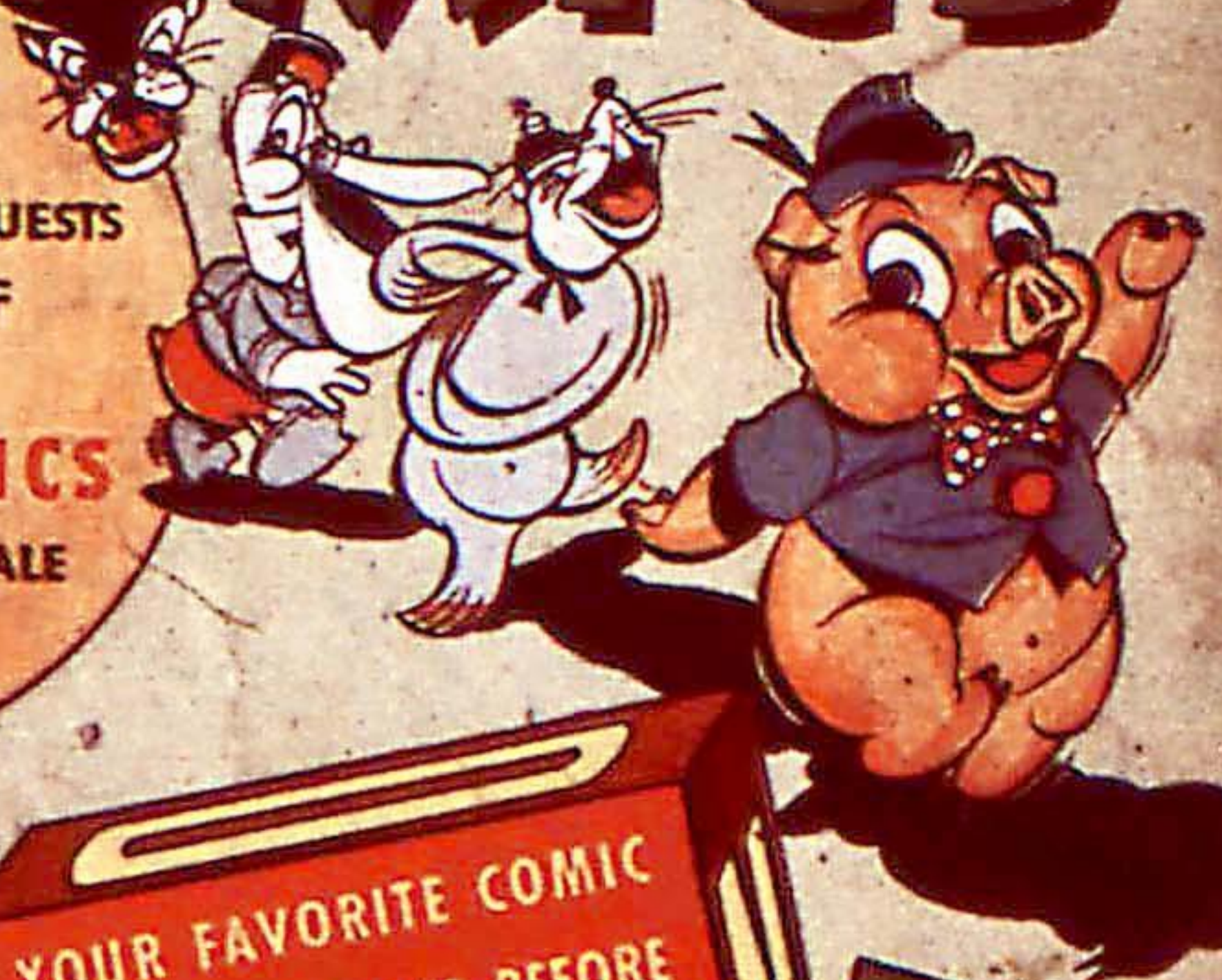
ADDRESS _____

CITY AND STATE _____

CODE PASSWORDS FOR THIS MONTH:
TO ENTER CLUBROOM—GLCD OLKBNK
TO LEAVE CLUBROOM—LZSOYQZSOZUQ

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